

From the Quarterly Review.

1. *Le Conservateur de la Vue.* Troisième Edition considérablement augmentée. Par J. G. A. CHEVALLIER. PARIS. 1815.
2. *The Economy of the Eyes.* By WILLIAM KITCHINER, M. D. Second Edition. 1826.
3. *Hints to Students on the Use of the Eyes.* By EDWARD REYNOLDS, M. D. Edinburgh. 1835.
4. *Vision in Health and Disease, the Value of Glasses for its Restoration, and the Mischief caused by their Abuse.* By ALFRED SMEE, F. R. S. 1847.
5. *Practical Remarks on Near Sight, Aged Sight, and Impaired Vision, with Observations upon the Use of Glasses, and on Artificial Light.* By WILLIAM WHITE COOPER. 1847.

THERE lived in the west of England, a few years since, an enthusiastic geologist—a Doctor of Divinity and Chairman of the Quarter Sessions. A farmer, who had seen him presiding on the bench, overtook him shortly afterwards while seated by the roadside on a heap of stones, which he was busily breaking in search of fossils. The farmer reined up his horse, gazed at him for a minute, shook his head in commiseration of the mutability of human things, and then exclaimed, in mingled tones of pity and surprise, “What, doctor! be you come to this a’ready!” That there could be philosophy in stones had never crossed the mind of the farmer in his most contemplative mood. They were constantly in his thoughts, but always under the aspect of hard materials admirably adapted to employ paupers and mend roads. He would sooner have expected briars and thistles to yield him corn than that quarries should supply instruction to a divine and magistrate. In the physical no less than in the moral world familiarity breeds contempt; from his infancy he had beheld the petrified animals of distant ages laid open to the light of this living world by the blow of a hammer, and years before he grew to man’s estate the disclosure excited in him equal emotion with a flaw in the stone. Such is the usual fate of natural appearances with uninquiring minds. An officer in Anson’s squadron showed a mirror to the Patagonians. As often as they caught the reflection of their faces they stole nimbly round to discover who was hid at the back of the glass. A lecturer on the laws of light, who had appeared among them while their wonder was at the highest, would have found a breathless audience. In England, multitudes, who could tell little more than the savages of Patagonia, would hear him, if they listened at all, with chilling composure. An immemorial acquaintance with the effect makes them heedless of the cause. A striking advance in science always affords an illustration of the principle. The discoveries in electricity, about

the middle of the eighteenth century, excited hardly less sensation than the American war. The intelligence spread as if the electric fluid had been concerned in its propagation; everybody was in haste to study the laws and witness the experiments. A thousand pages of the book of nature, long since deciphered, remained unvalued and unread; the new page alone could stimulate curiosity. Electricity had its reign, and the crowd, to whom science was not a regular pursuit, dropped at once from wonder to indifference. The influence of novelty is not at all less conspicuous in letters than in science. The last ephemeral production of the day is sought with impatience, and the time-honored classics—the heir-looms of literature—are left to cumber the shelves.

The distaste for all except new-born science has usually defeated the numerous attempts to dissociate from the bulk of Natural Philosophy the portions which are of general and constant concern. Of this class of works none have experienced greater neglect than treatises on the means of assisting vision. Opticians and oculists who remarked the mischief occasioned by ignorance, supposed that the public could only be waiting for an opportunity to be wise. They forgot that their callings, acting like glasses upon rays of light, brought cases to a focus, which make but a faint impression when dispersed. Since the subject had nothing attractive, it required in fact that the books should be read to learn the importance of reading them. Their limited circulation is chiefly among persons of ruined sight, who have always a satisfaction in becoming wise after the event, like the navigator that refused to consult his chart throughout the voyage, and studied it when his ship had gone to pieces on a shoal. Dr. Johnson expressed his surprise that even the inventor of spectacles was regarded with indifference, and found no biographer to celebrate his deeds. Deeds, however, there are none to celebrate: his very name is doubtful, and his life a blank. His invention is his history, and a history which merits attention for the information it conveys, though it is now too late to confer honor on the assemblage of letters which form the words *Salvino* and *Spina*.*

* A monk, named Rivalto, mentions in a sermon, preached at Florence in 1305, that spectacles had then been known about twenty years. This would place the invention in the year 1285, which coincides with the period when the reputed rivals for the honor flourished. Popular opinion has pronounced in favor of Spina. His opponents allege that the very passage of the monkish chronicle, on which alone his pretensions rest, is fatal to the claim. It is there stated that another person, who is not named, had been before him in the discovery, but on telling the result, and refusing to divulge the means, Spina divined the secret, and proclaimed it to the world. An Italian antiquary found in a manuscript in his pos-

A quarter of a century ago Dr. Kitchiner published a treatise on the "Economy of the Eyes." He boasted in a preface to the second edition that the single dissentient voice in the chorus of approbation came from an interested optician, who complained that the public would be made as wise as the trade. If the doctor had personated the anonymous optician, and penned his own panegyric, he could not have discovered a better device to promote the sale of his book, which was undoubtedly the object nearest his heart. He had the effrontery to request that every reader capable of gratitude would refuse to lend the work, and by tempting commendations seduce friends and acquaintances to buy copies for themselves. There was to be economy of eyes, and economy to opticians, but economy towards Dr. Kitchiner was "most intolerable and not to be endured." When a tradesman is apprehensive that the sale of spectacles will be diminished by the treatise, the doctor chains him to his chariot-wheels, and drags him along in derisive triumph; but every purchaser of the treatise itself was to turn hawker to the doctor, and endeavor to force it into unnatural circulation. No one, in short, was to be selfish except the author of the "Economy of the Eyes," who had the weakness to confess his infirmity to the world, and ask their sympathy and assistance. But his views of gain were not confined to a single treatise. He was the author of several works, and to help off the whole collection, he quoted and commended all in each. A page at the middle of the dissertation on eyes is disfigured by an advertisement, in capital letters, of a dissertation on telescopes, in which, he tells us, will be found "arguments so true, so convincing, so plainly stated, that they will be perfectly satisfactory, and will finally settle certain important points, which, without such illustration, seem likely to remain *puzzled with mazes and perplexed with errors.*" This prophetic strain is common with the doctor, who numbered among the important points which had been finally settled the transcendent merit of his own productions. Telescopes and spectacles are near relations; but the "Art of Invigorating Life" was remotely connected with the art of preserving and aiding the sight. The doctor's ingenuity supplied the link. To see at night there must be candles or lamps; lamps may be contrived to heat a saucepan; the saucepan can be furnished with tea or broth, and whoever reads the "Art of Invigorating Life" will be instructed how a variety of disorders may be cured by a draught from the

session, an epitaph which records that one Salvino, who died in 1318, was "*inventor degl' occhiali.*" The testimony would have been strong if the epitaph had existed in the original marble, but the private manuscript of an antiquarian collector often proves nothing except the credulity of the owner. There is no evidence, however, to forbid that Salvino was the selfish predecessor, who felt an additional satisfaction in seeing, because nobody else, in need of his invention, would be able to see. The circumstance detracts little from Spina's originality, and not the least from his title to the gratitude of mankind. If it be granted that Spina was indebted to Salvino for the hint, the world are indebted to Spina for the spectacles.

reservoir kept bubbling by the bed. Not a soul who believed him, and suffered from sickness, would remain an hour without a book which promised ease in gratifying the appetite. Even the magic balsam of Don Quixote could hardly sustain a comparison with Kitchiner's broth. Cookery and optics were never considered to be kindred sciences. The doctor contrives, though with some violence, to bring them into contact. Magnifying glasses will make a small delicacy appear a huge mass, and the epicure, who wears them, may join to the pleasures of gluttony the virtues of temperance. Eating once mentioned and the transition is easy to the fifth edition of the "Cook's Oracle." A harder task remained. To a passion for medicine, cookery, and optics, the doctor added a passion for music, and published a volume of airs which appealed to a sense that had no alliance with vision. He was not to be baffled. Opera-glasses are used in theatres, and in theatres it is common to sing "God save the King." This was sufficient to introduce the assurance that those who would enjoy the national anthem in perfection must have recourse to the "Grand Selections of the Loyal, National, and Sea Songs of England." But the doctor's pen had also been employed on the vocal art, and he believed he was the first who showed how "God save the King" should be sung. Thus much he reveals to pique curiosity, that in the line "God save great George our King," the only words to be sung were "God," "save," and "King." Those who desired to learn what was to be done with the remainder—whether they were to be omitted altogether, or whether they were to be spoken, or groaned, or whistled, would obtain satisfaction by the perusal of the "Observations on Vocal Music." In chanting his own praises, the elliptical method, though claimed as his proper invention, found no favor with the doctor.

The "Economy of the Eyes" was put forth with the usual pretensions of the author. Everybody, he said, was in need of the information because nobody had given it—an assertion refuted by his own quotations—and he came forward to supply the deficiency with the materials furnished by thirty years of study. He demanded in consequence unlimited deference. The majority of persons were apt to be wise in their own conceit, and unless "they rectified their prejudices by the invariable standard of irresistible truth, they could derive no benefit from the book"—this invariable standard of irresistible truth being a synonym of the doctor for himself and his opinions. The essay, the subject of so much toil and self-approval, was a useful compilation, which required little time or thought to put together, and was chiefly distinguished from others of the class by the interpolation of a variety of those village-dame maxims that formed a prominent part of the doctor's genius. The doctrines of this description which pervade the treatise, we suspect to have been the portion which justified, in his own estimation, his parental praise. He evidently passed through life under a delusion. The whole of his writings, medical, musical,

optical, and culinary, show that he possessed the disposition of an elderly female—conspicuous among her sex for weak nerves, fidgety habits, prim comforts, and vigilant economy. He appears to have descended to his grave in the belief that the masculine part of the creation were only manly from the want of knowing better, and he sat down to instruct them how to become like himself, or, in other words, how to cease to be men. Many who heard of him through his best, and really excellent treatise, "The Cook's Oracle," always imagined that some careful housekeeper had assumed a name in accordance with her functions, and in defiance of her sex, and chose to call herself Dr. Kitchiner, since Sterne had appropriated the more suitable title of Dr. Slop.

In Mr. Snee's treatise on Vision there is, for the money, a profusion of paper, print and engravings, but we would advise no one to buy it who has any love for a shilling. Those who cry themselves up provoke others to cry them down. The unpretending tone of Mr. Cooper's little volume on Near and Aged Sight would be calculated, on the other hand, to win favor, although the merit of the book had not been equal to the modesty of the author. But it is the best of the kind as well as the latest, nor could a better be desired. He has thought more of the public than himself, and while omitting nothing which a general reader could desire to know of glasses and eyes, not a sentence has been devoted to the display of his learning at the expense of his judgment. If ostentatious pretenders were wiser in their generation they would discover that the world is neither so entirely in its dotage, or its infancy, as to be ignorant that everybody who parades a pearl has not dived to the bottom for it.

A few sentences will explain how glasses assist the sight. The minutest point of an illuminated object darts out rays in every direction, which diverge like the spokes from the nave of a wheel, and strike the eye through the whole extent of its outer surface; or, to speak with more exactness, the light assumes the form of a cone—the point of the object being the apex, and the eye the base. What is true of one point is true of all. Millions of points are each discharging its cone of light upon the eye, which, before it can become a perceiving organ, must be able to disentangle the jarring rays and reduce them to order. A property of light is to bend on entering a new substance that is either rarer or denser than what was previously traversed. By virtue of the difference between the parts of the eye, and the eye and the atmosphere, all the rays from the same point of the object without, are gathered together in a bundle by themselves till they once more meet in a point within. The action of the eye is simply to reverse the previous effect. The spreading light is again drawn close, and becomes at the goal what it was at the starting-place. Yet it is not enough that a picture should be formed; it must be painted on the retina at the back of the eye, and if the rays are brought together before or be-

hind, instead of upon it, the sight is confused. This is the evil which glasses correct.

In advancing years the eyes lose a part of their bending power, for the ball and crystalline lens get flatter, and their globular shape has a principal share in producing the effect. The rays are not drawn inwards with sufficient force, and arrive at the retina before they can meet in a point. A curved glass operates upon light like the eye itself, and interposed before it does a portion of its work. The rays are bent in passing through the glass, and the eye which was incompetent to the entire task is able to complete what the glass begins. When the organ is nearly equal to its duty, a slight curvature, just enough to make good the deficiency, is given to the spectacles, and as the eye fails their rotundity is increased; an exact proportion is thus kept up between the demand of nature and the supply of art.

Though near objects require spectacles to show them distinctly, those more distant may be seen in perfection without their assistance. Since the rays from a point keep separating as they travel, all which branch out widely are soon too far asunder to fall within the narrow circle of the eye. The least divergent alone hit it, and these are the easiest reduced to union. But an eye brought close to the object catches the divergent rays at their source, and, if its capabilities are diminished, is unable to master them. Here spectacles are a necessary aid, while the lesser task is readily performed by the naked eye. One of the earliest indications of an alteration in the sight is the holding a book further off than before to get rid of the unmanageable part of the light.

Some eyes, which are over-round, refract the rays in excess, and bring them to a focus in front of the retina; the result is shortness of sight. The eye must come nearer to what it wants to distinguish, and imbibe those spreading rays which demand an additional bending equal to its own superfluity of power. Hollowed or concave glasses obviate the need for greater proximity. As round or convex spectacles draw in the rays, so these turn them out till their increased divergence is equivalent to the superior force of the eye. Thus spectacles are a remedy for opposite defects. One sees obscurely what is under his nose—another is blind to all that is not—and a glass gives the mole the range of the eagle, and suffers the eagle to confine its vision like the mole. The Earl of Bath assured Lord Chesterfield in his deafness that he should always be happy to lend him an ear. With truth more consoling than compliment and wit, it may be said to the thousands whose sight is defective, that the inventor of spectacles has lent them an eye. He has added to the pleasures and independence of age—he has lengthened life in protracting its usefulness. Venerable genius, unable to read or write, must often, without him, have been a clouded sun, incapable of imparting its fire to the world. He has continued to wisdom the treasures of knowledge, he has preserved to the public the riches of

wisdom, and for all degrees of men he has, times out of number, kept the curtain from falling till the play was at an end.

A tool becomes a weapon in careless hands, and even spectacles worn before they are required deteriorate the sight they were meant to restore. By some mechanism, which at present is imperfectly understood, the eye alters its conformation for every distance, in order that the bending, or, in technical language, the refracting power, may vary with the work. This capacity of change is dependent upon habit. A student seldom sees well at a distance, for his eyes are exercised upon near objects, and get fixed in the shape which they commonly assume. With a sailor it is the reverse. He is forever striving to penetrate into space, and at last sees more of the horizon than his hand. The same process is carried on in a vigorous eye, when forced into harmony with the new refractions which glasses produce. It takes and retains a fresh bias, which encroaches on the resources reserved for the wants of future years. Soldiers, who used to exhaust ingenuity to procure their discharge, discovered that straining their eyes to distinguish objects through concave glasses, would make them what they desired—too short-sighted for the service. If they marred their vision they recovered their liberty; but the tyranny of fashion has wrought greater havoc than military servitude, and could offer nothing in return, except present self-conceit and future regrets. A few years previous to the appearance of the Tatler, the public were seized with this ambition of seeming not to see. The eye-disease was more contagious than the plague. Acquaintances deemed it essential to their personal importance to withhold their mutual recognition till they had narrowly examined each other through a glass. "However," writes the Tatler, "that infirmity is out of favor, and the age has regained its sight." But the age continues to lose it periodically, and has been blind within the memory of the present generation. When the mania returns—as return it will with some revolution of the moon—those liable to be infected would do well to consider, whether for the sake of being ridiculed by men of sense in their youth it is worth their while to be purblind in their prime. Unless they are superior to vanity, a mirror which could enable them to view themselves as they are seen by others, would work of itself an immediate cure.

Though the malady is only epidemic at intervals, it never quite disappears. Whether it be a peculiarity of the medical profession to imbibe the wisdom by aping the infirmities of age, or that they see further into a case the less they can see of anything else—the delusion is common with the junior brethren of the craft that spectacles make the physician, and procure the money which makes the man. Those who trust to artifice, may be suspected to have little acquaintance with their art, or they might rest assured, that the possession of wisdom dispenses with the necessity of injuring

their sight in attempts to look wise. An old head is not long disparaged by young shoulders.

There are others with eyes unimpaired by time, who, deceived by the aid which glasses afford to less fortunate coevals, expect a cure where there is no disease. To customers difficult to suit, the celebrated Ramsden presented spectacles with common glass, and in the blandest accents told them they were the species adapted to their case. An exclamation of delight invariably followed:—"Ay, these will do! These are capital!" A pair of empty rims are sometimes tried with the same success, and by the force of imagination add lustre to the scene. Plain glass is the most harmless contrivance for those who insist upon looking through a window to avoid the simplicity of ungarnished eyes. But that part of mankind who wear spectacles for use, and not for show, and always have them of an actual power, must beware of inferring the decay of sight from the lapse of years. Ramsden said he had a harder task to persuade favored mortals that their sight was good, than to cure defects where it was really bad. A lady, who, at 79, could thread a needle with her naked eye, complained that nature had debarred her of a privilege:—"My acquaintance are always telling me how charmingly they read and work with glasses, and surely it is very hard that I cannot enjoy the same advantage." Everybody is not a Ramsden to teach optics when their calling is to sell spectacles. The gainful error is often fostered. The will consents though the eyes rebel, and the purchaser submits to see worse for the present, beguiled by the promise that a brilliant prospect will open before him when he and his spectacles are better acquainted. As the glasses will not fit the eyes, the eyes are tortured into fitting the glasses—till they regain a part, and only a part, of their former power, with the consolatory addition that they have been forced on a step towards darkness and decay. M. Jourdain was not the last to wear tight shoes because his tradesman asserted that the pain was imaginary.

Those who are ashamed to grow old, and think a badge of infirmity a badge of disgrace, take the other extreme. How they see, is entirely subordinate to how they look. But Time leaves his footmarks wherever he treads. The ocular exertion which instinct prompts, betrays at once their weak ambition and their waning sight. Their eyes and their minds are in strict keeping, for self-conceit is the blindest of passions, and while exulting in its work, withers by its touch every garland it attempts to weave. When the question lies between vanity and spectacles, it should be easy to decide which of the two is the most valuable possession. Prudence induces many to prolong the contest, convinced that the years which are snatched from the reign of spectacles, are so much added to the duration of vision. The contrary is the truth—if the eyes are strained. The art which preserves them from unnatural efforts, husbands their strength. According to Dr.

Kitchiner, the majority express a fear that if they once wear glasses, they will never be able to leave them off. There is no occasion to speak with doubt; the result is sure. As Falstaff says of the consumption of his purse, "the disease is incurable," and spectacles "only linger and linger it out." But borrowed aid here is better than bankruptcy, and bankruptcy is best averted by not exhausting common resources before the extraordinary are called in. A lady, mentioned by one of the writers on vision, brought her eyes to such a state that her first pair of spectacles were the last on the optician's list. Even these are sometimes useless to the damaged organ, and at the period when others are renewing their sight, the victims of vanity and prudence are doomed to "darkness visible" for the rest of their days.

Nothing is more variable in the constitution of man than the age at which near objects first appear confused. Dr. Johnson, blind in one eye and purblind in the other, dispensed with a glass to the close of his life; and Romaine, unspectacled, read small print in his 80th year. Nature doles out privileges like these with a sparing hand. The greater part of mankind require assistance by forty-five; yet most at this age are taken by surprise, and seldom at the outset suspect the evil. The first symptoms occurring by candle-light, which is much less efficient than the light of day, the dim-eyed man complains to the chandler, when he should go to the optician. But when repeated changes of lamps and candles, and numberless manœuvres with the wick, produce no relief—when he finds that his family are in a glare while he himself is in a mist, he begins to remember that he is older than he was, and that there is nothing which time favors less than eyes. He purchases spectacles, and is delighted with the acquisition. The haze is dissipated, and he seems to gaze upon a renovated world. Often, at no long interval, the objects recommence to lose their brightness; a light film is spreading itself afresh, and that he may brush it away, he alternately rubs his glasses and his eyes. The operation is unsuccessful. The dusky hue which hangs upon the scene is not to be treated like a time-soiled picture, and, warned by past experience, he immediately traces the evil to its source. He calls again at Mr. Dixie's and asks for spectacles of a higher power; the pleasure is renewed and the disappointment follows. He is now alarmed at his vision advancing by such rapid stages to the realms of darkness, and, as he is long past the confines of unassisted nature, he fears to be soon beyond the reach of art.

This is an extreme case of what generally happens in a less degree. The effect of spectacles diminishes with use, and offers a temptation to hasten the change from focus to focus, till art and nature are both run out. A confusion of the letters in reading or writing, gives warning of the necessity for older glasses, and greater refinement is too costly a luxury for declining eyes. The same focus will often serve for several years, and

fortunate is the man who lives to wear the series to the end; whereas spendthrifts of sight must be prepared to put on their last glasses for the last time long before their eyes are closed in death. A comic story, told by Dr. Kitchiner, has had its parallel in tragedy. A lad extracted the glasses from his grandfather's spectacles. The old man looked through the unglazed frames and exclaimed with horror, "Mercy on me, I have lost my sight!" With nervous agitation he took them off to wipe them clean; his handkerchief came on unresisting air, and now he cried with redoubled terror, "Heavens! I have lost my feeling too." It was well for him that they were his glasses which were gone, and not his eyes.

The point settled that spectacles are required, the next consideration is to choose them with judgment. Dr. Kitchiner avers that many have no idea that it is requisite to choose at all. They disinter from the buried effects of the last generation a pair of family spectacles, and the older was the ancestor who wore them, and the dimmer were his eyes, the greater they suppose must be the virtue of the glasses which enabled him to see. If the practice be indeed common, spectacles ought to be broken over the coffins of their owners, like the wand of office on the grave of royalty. To begin where grandfathers and grandmothers left off, is to put twenty or thirty years upon the eyes in a short six months. The selection should be made by trials in the shop of the optician, and the lowest power taken which shows the work for which they are intended at the ordinary distance. The divergent rays from an object held closer, call for stronger refraction to unite them on the retina, and may lead to the choice of too high a power, or to the adoption of spectacles where none are required. By drawing attention to the diminished space between the book and the eyes, M. Chevallier, an eminent French optician, often convinced persons, who would have mounted spectacles in haste to repent at leisure, of the serious error they were about to commit. Whoever makes a mistake, buys a master instead of a servant; his eyes will be tyrannized over by his spectacles, and be worn out in their service.

The novice expects the glasses which enable him to read will be equally good for an extended view. He glances from his book down the street, and exclaims that what brightens the page darkens the prospect. A glass cannot change its form like the eye; if it has power enough for a small distance, it will over-refract the rays from a greater. "An two men ride of a horse," says Dogberry, "one must ride behind." Forensic spectacles, which originated, as the name denotes, in the courts of law, have the upper circle pared down to a straight line, and the counsel, by lowering his eyes, looks through the glass at his brief, and by raising them, looks at his audience over the edge. To a by-stander he appears as if at one while he saw with half a pair of spectacles, and at another with half an eye. A humorist

said that he always felt that he was guilty of a liberty in looking through glasses at a certain peer of his acquaintance—his face was so ugly ; but the forensic pattern was not devised out of respect to the court, in the apprehension that the view disclosed by those of the ordinary make could take dignity from the judge, or give it to the jury. The arrangement is most useful in securing clear sight at variable distances, and permits the gaze to be averted at intervals from the glass, which adds the minor comfort of a cool eye to the commanding advantage of a cool head. Nor is the benefit less in the study than in court. By the adoption of forensic spectacles in reading and writing the heated organ gets refreshed in the casual pauses of thought, without shifting the machine and interrupting the employment.

When not engaged upon near work the economist of sight will look about him with a free eye ; and if an impenetrable mist should gather he must have a second pair of spectacles, less powerful than the companions of his sedentary hours. At present, he has only to ascertain that both eyes see equally well at a single distance, or whether one does not require a different focus from the other. If the page is looked at alternately with each, any variation in the effect will be immediately perceptible, and the two compartments can be fitted with glasses of varying power. It is common, though we are unconscious of it, for the eyes to wear unevenly ; the left lags behind, and leaves his fellow to perform the work. All who use a single glass, and always apply it to the same side—especially artisans who, like watchmakers, pass hours in this position—are in a particular manner exposed to the defect. The idle eye, enervated and not preserved by indolence, is sure to be the worst. Moderate action is essential to the health of every part of the body ; and the dislocation of a limb upon the rack would not be more destructive than protracted repose. Both methods are tried upon the eyes—the right is racked with labor, and the left is depraved with ease. A practice which is universal among those who are compelled to employ a single eye at a time, must be supposed to possess an undoubted advantage, or it would seem a simple resource to work each by turns. With a want of his usual sagacity, Franklin applied the doctrine to the hands. The right, he complained, was educated with care ; the left was rebuked if it touched a needle or a pen, and for a cause which he overlooked, that in proportion as the neglected sister is brought forward the favored is thrown back. The power is not doubled ; it is merely transferred, to the sacrifice of grace. The prerogative assigned to the right hand is no refinement of civilized life ; the entire race obey the instinct, and the reason is founded in the nature of things. To divide the practice would be to divide the skill ; Franklin would have printed with only half his manual dexterity—the very word, if he had attended to its derivation, might have suggested the fact—or it would have taken him twice as long to acquire his art. His solitary argument for the

innovation is the occasional attacks of rheumatism and cramp to which flesh is heir, though he again forgot that disease is no respecter of sides, that it cripples right and left together, and that it would be hardly worth while for the world to grow clumsy to alleviate an occasional and uncertain exception. But the nature which has made the left hand the auxiliary of the right has been impartial to the eyes ; and to condemn one to sloth is a violation of her laws. The readiness with which the organs of vision are habituated to alternate action suggested to John Hunter a singular idea. In wounds of the chest, the injured half of the lungs is often hindered from expanding, which checks the movement of the healthy side ; and he thought it a pity we should not learn betimes to work either lobe separately, while the other was at rest. Except for his high authority, we should have supposed the feat to be impossible ; and, notwithstanding his authority, we believe it to be inexpedient. To go into training in anticipation of every imaginable casualty, however rare and remote, would make life a burden ; and the perplexed scholar, worn out with his lessons, might take it into his head not to breathe at all.

The right focus found, it is necessary to ascertain that the centre of the glass is directly opposite to the centre of the pupil. Though the width between the eyes is far from uniform, Mr. Cooper remarks that little attention is paid to the circumstance. There is not less reason that the frames of spectacles should be adapted to the shape of the face, than that a hat should be fitted to the size of the head. The inconvenience of glasses which are not precisely in front of the eyes will be quickly felt ; but the cause of the inconvenience may remain long undetected. The aching sensation is a common consequence of using spectacles at first ; and possessed with this idea the wearer continues both figuratively and literally to wink at the fault. The remaining points of importance are soon decided. To see that the glass is without a speck or a vein it has only to be held before the flame of a candle ; to learn that the substance is uniform, and the shape exact, it suffices to ascertain that in raising the spectacles from a book towards the eyes none of the letters appear distorted ; and both the lenses will be known to be of one focus if the effect is the same when they are looked through in succession with the same eye. The best form for the glasses is the common double convex for long sight, and the double concave for short. Periscopic spectacles, the contrivance of Dr. Wollaston, show a wider prospect—an advantage which can be equally gained by a turn of the head—and show it less perfectly, which is a serious evil that admits no relief. Of the numberless other inventions, which are forever being thrust before the eyes of the public, it is needless to speak. Mr. Adams, an optician of the last century, and the author of an excellent treatise on his art, ascribed them to a craving for extensive business. What is new is seldom much more than a Greek name, of which the learned

look and lofty sound may sometimes impose upon those who know nothing but English, and lead them to believe that the term implies a multitude of recondite virtues, which it defied the poverty of their mother tongue to express.

Better to shun the bait than struggle in the snare.

Every one must feel it an unsatisfactory thing if he goes to buy spectacles, and has dust thrown in his eyes by the optician. For the rest, pebbles are dearer than glass without being better, except that they are difficult to break and scratch; the mounting is a matter of taste, and not of science; and all that is needed besides is health to wear the spectacles, and money to pay for them—particulars in which it is beyond our power to afford assistance.

George Hakewell, a worthy who flourished in the early part of the seventeenth century, published a treatise on the "Vanie of the Eye," which he composed for the comfort of a "gentlewoman bereaved of her sight;" but however deep may have been his conviction of the vanity of the gentlewoman's eyes, we question if he would have been willing to lose his own, or, having lost them, would have found his "moral medicine" an adequate remedy for the "mortifying mischief." All who are not of Mr. Hakewell's stoical school should take care of their sight while they have it, and be cautious of throwing their capital away in the desire to obtain an exorbitant interest. The organs of vision are affected by constitution and habit; and, until every man is cast in the same mental and physical mould, it is vain to attempt to lay down general rules. Persons, whose business lies with morbid eyes, are apt to consider the world an aviary of owls, and put a prohibition upon practices which millions pursue without injury to their sight and to the great advantage of everything else. Fontenelle was told that coffee was a slow poison. "Very slow, indeed," he replied, "for it has been eighty years in killing me." The prudent plan is to pay attention to sensations, and not neglect their warning in the vain hope that it may be neglected with impunity. Pepys returned from the play, his eyes "mighty bad," and recorded that it taught him, "by a manifest experiment," that the candles of the theatre made them sore; but his passion "to gaze on the fair who caused his care," still brought him back to gaze on the light which hurt his sight, and there—when he was expecting total blindness, which was almost, he said, the same as to see himself step into the grave—he sat a suffering spectator.

Unable to conceal his pain;
And winked and looked, winked and looked,
Winked and looked, and winked again.

Overwrought eyes are often tasked from better motives, and more urgent needs, but often also from want of knowledge and thought—from ignorance that excessive fatigue, unlike the transitory pictures of vision, sets its stamp in the substance of the organ. With a vizard over his face, and two tubes projecting from his eyes to defend them

from the light, Pepys—looking more a monster than a man—was obliged, that he might further deepen the shade, to resign his accustomed seat in front of the window, and take up his position on the other side of the table. He relates the change with strange satisfaction, and rejoices that now "the fire in winter will not trouble his back." This was cold comfort. If his calamity had permitted it, he might have had a screen at his back, instead of on his face, and been neither troubled by fire nor light. He was reasoning, however, after the event, and was right to console himself the best he could; but those who have still the issue in their own hands may be confident that the present advantage of squandering sight is about the same, compared to the future loss, as the advantage to Pepys of losing the use of his eyes that he might shift his chair from the hearth.

From the Spectator.

AN AMBASSADOR EXPELLED FROM THE HOUSE OF PEERS.

THE debate in the House of Peers on Lord Stanley's motion, on Monday, attracted an unusual attendance both of peers and distinguished auditors. Among these, in a gallery appropriated to ladies, was observed sitting the Chevalier Bunsen, the Prussian ambassador; and his excellency's presence in that particular part of the house was objected to by Lord Brougham, and caused a scene which is thus described in the leading columns of the *Times*—

It appears that the gallery on the left of the throne in the House of Peers used to be allotted to the members of the diplomatic corps; but for some time a change has been made, and it is now set apart for peeresses and their daughters. No kind of notice of the change, however, has been given to the members of the various missions. The Chevalier Bunsen presented himself with his wife and daughter, and requested the officer to conduct him to his usual seat. This functionary asked him, if for that once he could content himself with a standing-place on the steps of the throne. The Prussian minister declined this proposal; for, it appears, a late serious indisposition would have made a standing posture for so many hours painful to him. Thereupon the usher replied, "that he had a right to his place if he insisted upon it;" and conducted him to the gallery as usual, requesting him only to leave the places on the left hand of the door free, as these had been set aside for the use of the Duchess of Cambridge.

As soon as business commenced, Lord Brougham addressed the house on the breach of privilege: we now quote the parliamentary report of the *Times*—

My lords, I have given notice, yes, I have given notice, to the party on whose conduct I am now about to make some comments. I believe that it is well known to your lordships, that no peer or commoner has any right in the gallery of the peeresses, and that any nobleman or gentleman being there infringes on the rules of the house. There is one gentleman there now, and he has no right to be there. (*Laughter among the peeresses.*)

If he does not come down, I must move that he is infringing the rules of your lordships' house. (*A pause.*) Besides, that gentleman has a place assigned to him in the house itself, and by his presence in the gallery he is excluding two peeresses. (*Roars of laughter both in the house and among the peeresses present.*) I move that the standing orders be enforced by your lordships' officers. (*A laugh.*) Let it not be supposed that I am doing this discourteously. I have given that gentleman ample notice that if he did not come out, I would address the house upon the subject and have him turned out. (*Continued laughter, and some confusion.*) His lordship then addressed the individual in question, and said, "You must come out now."

The gentleman remained immovable; whereupon Lord Brougham stalked down the house to the bar with great haste, and addressing either the usher of the black rod or one of the messengers, (for in our position we could not see which,) said, "Go and take him out."

Shortly afterwards, Sir A. Clifford went into the gallery, and immediately the Chevalier Bunsen rose from his seat, and, accompanied by two or three ladies, left it. We may here notice that we have frequently seen Lord Brougham himself conversing with ladies in this gallery; as well as the Duke of Argyll, the Earl of Carlisle, and other peers.

From the Times.

If there was a single person amongst the diplomatic corps who either personally or officially had little concern in our Greek blunder and its results, that person was the Prussian minister. It is now many years that the Chevalier Bunsen has dwelt among us and comported himself in a manner in every way worthy of a gentleman and a scholar. Setting aside for a moment his official character, and the respect due to him as the representative of a cultivated and powerful nation in amity with England, one should have supposed that great consideration would have been paid to this distinguished man on personal grounds. Charitable, kind-hearted, hospitable, ever ready to advance with his counsel and his means the interests of literary men, and the broken fortunes of all, the most hot-headed political partisan might have hesitated to aim an affront at such a man. But had the personal character of the Prussian envoy stood as low as that of the most ill-conditioned diplomatist that ever lived, still, from his official position, he was entitled to every outward mark of respect. Not only might he have expected to have met with this degree of consideration in every place where Englishmen were gathered together, but in the House of Lords—under the roof of the peers of England—of that assembly which arrogates to itself preeminently the character of a society of gentlemen, he must have thought himself secure. But what will the English public say—what will be thought of us abroad—what will be the indignation of the Prussian people—when they read, what we are most unwillingly forced to write, that an ambassador, a gentleman, and a scholar, a stranger in our country, a representative of an important and friendly power, was on Monday night expelled from the gallery not of a tavern, nor of a lodge of Odd Fellows, but of the English House of Lords, by the menial officer of the house? When we say expelled—we use the word literally—we mean tapped on the shoulder and forced to go. Had he refused to yield compliance to the summary com-

mand, nothing remained for it but that the Prussian minister should have been collared and removed by force, like a drunken brawler at a playhouse. And the sole originator of this unseemly exhibition was Henry Lord Brougham. Our brief report of Lord Brougham's speech can give but a faint idea of the scene. Imagine Wright at the Adelphi, or Keeley uttering a tissue of coarse drolleries, and giving effect to every point by contortions of face and figure; and still the image will fall short of the reality. The gaunt figure of the noble and learned lord, as with his strong Border "burr" he delivered his points, must be brought before the imagination. The real circumstances of the case are told in a few words. It appears that the gallery on the left of the throne in the House of Peers used to be allotted to the members of the diplomatic corps, but for some time a change has been made, and it is now set apart for peeresses and their daughters. No kind of notice of the change, however, has been given to the members of the various missions. The Chevalier Bunsen presented himself with his wife and daughter, and requested the officer to conduct him to his usual seat. This functionary asked him, if for that once he could content himself with a standing place on the steps of the throne. The Prussian minister declined this proposal, for it appears a late serious indisposition would have made a standing posture for so many hours painful to him. Thereupon the usher replied "that he had a right to his place if he insisted upon it," and conducted him to the gallery as usual, requesting him only to leave the places on the left hand of the door free, as these had been set aside for the use of the Duchess of Cambridge. Lord Brougham, however, soon disturbed the ambassador, and ordered him to quit the place. The ambassador refused, merely replying, "that he was in the place that had been assigned him by the usher." Then followed the discreditable but ludicrous scene described briefly in our report, the result of which was that the Prussian minister was summarily expelled by Sir A. Clifford. We wish it were in our power to offer any reparation for this discreditable freak. The Chevalier Bunsen will not, however, we trust, forget the reception he has invariably met with in other assemblages of Englishmen, and not confound either the whole nation with the House of Lords, or the House of Lords with Lord Brougham. For the future, nothing remains but to set aside a proper gallery for the diplomatic body, where they may listen to the debates of the house, and listen to Lord Brougham without being made the subject of his remarks.

PRESBYTERIANS WIN THE WOMEN.—"Madame," says Jeremy Taylor, (vol. ix., p. 314,) in a Dedication to the Countess Dowager of Devonshire, "I know the arts of these men; and they often put me in mind of what was told me by Mr. Sackville, the late Earl of Dorset's uncle; that the cunning sects of the world (he named the Jesuits and the Presbyterians) did more prevail by whispering to ladies, than all the Church of England and the more sober Protestants could do by fine, force, and strength of argument. For they, by prejudice or fears, terrible things and zealous nothings, confident sayings and little stories, govern the ladies' consciences, who can persuade their lords, their lords will convert their tenants, and so the world is all their own."

From the Ladies' Companion.

THE STORY OF A BOUQUET.

BY PAUL BELL.

CHAPTER I.

THERE is as much difference between nosegay and nosegay as there is between woman and woman: between an *Audrey* and a *Rosalind*—a *Millamant* and a *Miss Jenny Wronghead*. Compare the scrap of southernwood, (not to call it by its country name of lad's-love,) and purple gilliflower crammed into the button-hole of Giles' bright blue coat, with the work of art which a lovely Lady Jane carries in her hand;—the posy having now grown too large an affair to rest on her bosom. Can both of those be flowers?—And when a Lady Jane is like *our* Lady Jane, not twenty-two, the uncontrolled heiress of twice as many thousands as she numbers years, with the largest pair of blue eyes in Belgravia—she is sure, in this important ornament of her dress, to be right royally provided, having an humble servant to every letter in the alphabet. For a "flower" (so the Scotch call a nosegay) is a gift too slight to be refused without prudery; while, nevertheless, it may, now-a-days, be made as costly a present as it is a foolish one.

Our Bouquet, at least, was perhaps the most wonderful composition ever produced by that wonderful woman, Madame Adrienne. No restriction had been laid upon her as to price; and round, and hard, and sharp-tongued as she was, (wondrously able to take care of herself,) she was still a woman; had her favorites, and especially patronized the suitor of Lady Jane, who prepared this homage for that lady on the occasion of *the* ball of that year of balls, 184—. All past nosegays were to be out-done in this. Colonel May's offering was to comprise rarities such as eye had never seen nor nose smelt, since Eve set the Mrs. Lawrences of our nineteenth century the first floricultural example. Great hopes had been entertained that the new Tobacco Rose would blow on the occasion; or the gray Nasturtium, or the Carnation that looks withered when it is fresh, or the green pea with black spots from Seringapatam. For Madame Adrienne was a wise woman; one who knew that a curiosity is a curiosity. She would tell wonderful tales of this *Camellia* fetched all the way from Ning-Po, in order that Lady Such-an-one might have something unique for her hair—of the other *Azalea*, the nurture of which had already cost a "pony," which Lord Such-another would have forced to be ready against

The day of all days, when a lady we praise,

—and people believed Madame Adrienne's stories, and paid her all she asked. Moreover, she knew that Lady Jane was one of those unfortunate persons who stand in need of consolation and assistance, both of which are comprised in the word—a *Rarity*. Accordingly, she was bent on doing her best for Colonel May. The best of intentions, however, cannot make "*Flora disclose*," as the song says, her beauties when *Flora* is in a sulky humor. Neither the fetid Rose, nor the withered Carnation, nor the dusty Nasturtium, nor the diseased-looking Pea would oblige Lady Jane's suitor. And hence it turned out that Madame Adrienne being reduced to make an effort with materials, unhappily, far more common, could only, by doubling her usual price, impress upon the con-

tracting parties, that our Bouquet was still something far more precious than ordinary—the bouquet, in brief, for *the* beauty, of *the* ball, of *the* season.

But, make an effort, in making a bouquet! Why, truly, that does sound absurd to such old-fashioned persons as imagine that a tug at a moss rose-tree, a clutch at a jessamine branch, a pinch at a pot of heliotrope, and a twitch at the newest geranium that has flowered in "*Mitford's Garden*," will suffice. Innocent souls! and behind your time—a bouquet is a delicate and complex piece of architecture. There are the twigs, each to be crowned with its own blossom—there is the wire, or the very finest gold thread, to be used in tying the pretty natural things on their strange stems, so as to give them a courtly air—then there is the frill of lace to be adjusted round the whole—and a Madame Adrienne is as conscientious in choosing laces for her flowers as she could be for herself. Lastly, when all these important matters have been satisfactorily settled and assembled, there is still to come the inspiration which, let the artist toil ever so honestly, will not always come when called for. Your grand-dame, my dear Lady Jane, would have screamed to hear of the guineas your Bouquet cost; forgetting, good lady—the extravagancies, no less flagrant, of the "toasts" and macaronies of her youth into which she was drawn: but your grand-dame would be inconsiderate. All the above matters allowed for, a Madame Adrienne would not be doing her duty by herself or society, did she yield up her treasures for nothing; and if you doubt me, consult "*Aristocratic Economy, or materials for Elegant Expenditure*;" edited, says the title-page, by two Ladies of Quality. "Two such bouquets on her mind in one day," said the profound and thoughtful *fleuriste*, "were as much as she could possibly manage, with the smallest chance of satisfying herself."

And Madame Adrienne *was* satisfied with Lady Jane's Bouquet. Whether its hues and odors were combined in obedience to the rules of the grammar of flowers, which lay bound in cherry-colored velvet (like a breviary) close under the little woman's hand, I will not divulge; but it is no betrayal of confidence to assert that any one who understood the whispers of birds and blossoms one to another, might have gathered from our Bouquet as many choice things as simmered forth from Mrs. Peerybingle's kettle, on a certain memorable evening. One flower belonged to an old family for many years settled on *Isola Madre*, *Lago Maggiore*; another had much to say about the Chinese war; a third came of a race whose business it had been to look into the windows of the greatest beauties in Provence. Genteeler language, more graceful sentiments, and, all the while, greater contrasts, (which some imagine to include covert antipathies,) could not have been found, in the best selected and best bred party of "human mortals." In short, it may be doubted whether the *Rarities*, had they been brought together, would have made a harmony half so agreeable as composed the Bouquet bespoke for the use and adornment of Lady Jane, by the handsomest man in broad London.

CHAPTER II.

I HAVE described Lady Jane as unfortunate: one standing in need of consolation and assistance. How should she have been otherwise? Flattered from the very first squall which she thought it proper to emit in her rose-colored cradle; taught

from the period when she could count "one, two" that money had no value; convinced by reiterated hearing and examination that her beauty was without speck or flaw—allowed to learn what she pleased, and to give up learning when she pleased—caressed and cared for; with no near relations to lose or to be envious of; no duties to perform; no objects of interest such as it is permitted to a young lady to confess;—there are few people at two-and-twenty so innocent of vicissitude and adventure, who seem to understand intuitively that "*all is vanity*," so completely as Lady Jane. Had she been much of a thinker, she might have set herself to study the word "*ennui*," and its component letters; but such original power as her mind possessed had never been persecuted into strength, or oppressed into vigor. As to her feelings—she rather fancied that, some day or other, she was to be in love with "some one," and that she knew who that "some one" was, and that his ecstacy was to exceed even her condescension. By this you will learn that poor Lady Jane was not worldly, so far as any idea of marketing herself for rank or money was concerned. Neither was she heartless, but she was unfortunate;—having been from her infancy sealed in a trance, and that not a trance of faëry land.

One pities hunger, and cold, and ignorance, and misconstruction. One pities strength in a state of resistance and independence fighting with difficulties; but who pities, who preaches—the sad case of premature apathy! Cinderella, going to the ball, would have gone without half her gayety had it not been set a-going by wonder.

But our Bouquet, though not a faëry gift, was not a common bouquet. It was fated to possess ophthalmic virtues; or, otherwise, to make the wearer *clairvoyant*, in a manner as decided as the most peremptory mesmeric influence. Laid on our Beauty's table, and listlessly caught by her eye, she never thought how much it had cost, (if it were ever paid for, which Madame Adrienne's books permit me to doubt,) and she did not trouble herself to consider whence it could have come. This she knew. Had she been, in the least, worldly wise, Lady Jane must have recollected, that younger sons in government offices, with a salary of a couple of hundreds a year, have neither *rouleaux* nor credit at call for such costly trifles. But, alas! poor lady, she was, according to her order, as utterly innocent as that flower of white flowers—*Fleur de Marie* herself. Hence it was settled between herself and her conscience that the token came from Mr. Sidney.

I am not going to waste time by telling you how luckless Lady Jane was dressed on the night of the ball. Good taste was, with her, an instinct and a habit. Her toilette, somehow or other, made itself. The number of nights' rest which had been lost over the exquisite embroidery of her flounces, came as little to her mind as the histories of the brickmakers who had contributed their human life to the walls which sheltered her. When mantled to the chin in the most gorgeous of velvets, she descended from her carriage at—house, attended by a *chaperon*, who was as necessarily in place and presence as our Bouquet—the idliest of passers by, attracted by the lights and music which announced a ball—the most abject of beggars, who erept near to indulge in the self-tortment of contrast, could not have helped admiring such a vision of glory as Lady Jane—must have

been sure that she could never have known a care True; but also she had never known a joy.

Yet, as she mounted the staircase, a gentle trouble was in her heart, entirely new to her, which, after its odd way, exercised a certain charm and fascination. The first wish in suspense may minister as much pleasure as the first wish fulfilled. Lady Jane's idea, however, was hardly a wish. He was to be there, of course; he always came where she was; but * * * and then she noticed that her bouquet looked rather fresher than usual. Innocent Lady Jane! She was late at her ball. She thought that she should not dance. The weather was so languid, and the new measures in fashion not to be undertaken without strength and spirits. (When I was brought up, the less of either displayed, the more graceful and well-behaved was thought to be the dancer. But that was before the immorality of the *Waltz* came in, or the giddiness of the *Galoppe*; to say nothing of later bustling rusticities, such as the *Mazurka*, the *Polka*, and Cellarius knoweth what besides.)

Lady Jane's *chaperon*, an exemplary specimen of the genus, who never was sleepy, and never saw an iota too much or too little, placed herself discreetly on an ottoman within sight of the beauty; and the latter sat down on a couch, and, with as much curiosity as assured and conscious power can ever feel, her eyes began to travel round the maze of the waltzers, and to thread the crowd surrounding them. Pursuit feeds itself with energies. Lady Jane began to be, not precisely anxious, but interested, over her task; and a light came into her eyes, which was new even to them. But the ear, it has been said, is stronger than the eye, and had she gazed twice as earnestly as she did on the elder brothers and younger sons who passed before her in admiring and reverential row, she must, nevertheless, have been engrossed by the talk of two persons hard by—yet hidden from her by a sweep of curtain drapery—who were busily discussing the subject of all subjects the most interesting—her own unmarried self.

"Lady Jane! No, no. It could never have been. She was too rich for Sidney!"

"Too rich! Nonsense. Are we in Arcadia here! Too rich! Do younger brothers refuse heiresses!"

"Sidney was Arcadian, if that is your definition. Why, did you suppose that he meant nothing, the other evening, when we were talking of heiresses? and when he said that 'they were in an unlucky position—people who neither knew the value of love or money.'"

"Lady Jane might have had no objection to Sidney, that every one understands. But I hold Sidney wise; his wife is a sweet little creature, who will never reproach him with the fortune she brought him."

"His wife!"

"Why, Miss Harcourt, I shall begin to think that *you* are one of the disappointed ladies, by your tone. Yes, I saw the deed done this morning. They had kept every thing very quiet, owing to her mother's state of health. But married Sidney is to Miss Annora Lacy, after a very long attachment, (some one said,) and they are gone to ruralize in Switzerland. I wonder whether Lady Jane has got cards."

Lady Jane wondered too. She wondered if, indeed, it was Lady Jane who was sitting there, listening to this strange talk. Whether distress,

anger, or amazement were uppermost, she could never tell, so rapid were the new emotions that chased each other through her mind, as she sat there, so still and so queenly—her brow, perhaps, a little knit; but, as a short-sighted gentleman remarked, "looking the very picture of royal prosperity."

Mr. Sidney married! What right had Mr. Sidney to marry?

"We see and feel strange things sometimes, that the world has little idea of," murmured our Bouquet, laid quietly on a table of *pietra dura*, to a neighboring bouquet, with whom conversation might be exchanged without loss of *caste*, since it was another of Madame Adrienne's family.

"Not so strange as *we* see," replied the posy in the gilt *blonde* ruff. "There's a history, if you will. Look! Our lady is waltzing now—yonder—the lady with the silver wheat-ears round her robe."

"Well, we see. So that is your lady! Ill-dressed and theatrical enough she looks; and dancing in that fierce way! I am surprised at Madame Adrienne sending any of *us* to such a creature! Mrs. Buggins, the herb-woman in Covent Garden, is the proper person to fit *her* out with a nosegay." And if bouquets ever tossed their heads, Lady Jane's did, as it spake its pretty indignation.

"'Tis a pity," was the rejoinder of Gold Frill, "when keeping company with heiresses makes some folks spiteful."

"Spiteful, indeed! Ask any other bouquet in the room what they think of your mistress."

"No matter what they think! The worst could hardly give her any new pain—poor, distracted woman! Fierce way! Yes; she does dance fiercely; and just now she grasped us so violently in her hand, that we could have cried out with the agony; only well-bred flowers never *do* cry out. If ever a man knew how to provoke a woman it is her husband; that pale sanctimonious-looking man there, so oiled, scented, and dressed up; who, when he is out in the world with his wife, looks like a diffident person suffering from perpetually breathing an atmosphere of disapprobation; and who, when he is at home, heaps outrage upon outrage on her, poor thing!—It is enough to make any generous woman violent and contemptuous, and the more in proportion as she knows her own faults, and as she is not strong enough to cure them. But—"

Lady Jane's Bouquet being bored, had, by this time, ceased to listen. Well-bred people had ceased to bring spectres into ball-rooms. The old Egyptians did, but not the world of Belgravia. And, besides, our Bouquet, like the school girls on an election-day, who were bidden to sit with animation "*because the new member was coming by*," had, at that instant, its own duties, and cares, and good looks to attend to.

Our Bouquet's giver came lounging up to Lady Jane.

Now, before you are irrevocably set against Colonel May, by the very terms of his introduction, it would be only fair that you should listen to the catalogue of Annes, and Katharines, and Wilhelminas, who had given the man-at-arms good reason to be assured that the more languidly he lounged up to them, the more lovely he appeared in their sight—I should make it clear, moreover, on the Bouquet's authority, that Colonel May was gentleman enough to feel a certain disinclination to pay court to the fortune of the heiress; and that this

might and did increase the usual apathy of his demeanor. Yet the spoiled man *did* care for the fair lady, apart from her wealth, though none of the party would have believed it had he sworn it on "*his order*." His heart beat very inconveniently, and his cheeks felt as if a furnace were before them. What he should say to her, was the question; not how he should pay his bills—for, as to that feat, Colonel May trusted in chance and a dim notion that "all those sort of matters arranged themselves somehow, and in some way or other."

Ere he spoke, something, he felt, might be made out of inquiries. The Bouquet laid by—that was a sight by no means encouraging! There was, moreover, a fixed gaze in Lady Jane's two eyes; but this, vanity explained, might arise from a resolution of the eyes not to look towards Colonel May. Yes, it was evident that Lady Jane was not at ease; the very least start in the world further announced this. Then, displeased with herself for having started, Lady Jane took up her Bouquet and began to examine it botanically. Colonel May's hopes blossomed.

That ball in particular, the opera in general, and a proper quantity of individual scandal, (not including Mr. Sidney's marriage,) were soon dismissed. Lover bashful, or lover bold! if you know exactly how best to turn a pause to account, you are a master of the heart.

"I think, Lady Jane," began the warrior, much annoyed at his own timidity—"I think—because you must always have understood"—Dead silence.

"Because you must always have seen and felt," continued the fluent man;—"in short, it can be no surprise to you—and I am sure that you will do me the justice to believe—how long and ardently I have—"

Perfect stillness.

"I have much, I know, to reproach myself with—faults of—and your own position—Do me the justice—The most humble unworthiness—devotion—And if the gratitude of a life—Good Bouquet," (this with a desperate effort at ease and playfulness.) "plead for me."

And till its dying day our Bouquet declared that it looked its very best at that moment; more insinuating than ever bouquet had looked before.

"Did *you* send me this?" was Lady Jane's answer, with a steady glance the while at the discomfited colonel.

"Shall I confess or deny?" was his reply, returning glance for glance.

"I think you are admiring my flowers," said the Beauty in a steady voice to a sallow woman, whose professional look and plain toilette bespeke the governess, sent down among "the quality" on some mission of servitude. "If you like my Bouquet pray take it;—it is hideous."

And to the amazement of quiet Miss Hayward who could hardly have been more astonished had Queen Victoria offered her an old crown to go to church in—Lady Jane, there and then made over her property in Madame Adrienne's master-piece, to the young person—in a manner, too, past resisting or being acknowledged with thanks.

Colonel May was a wise man; well aware of the worse than uselessness of being defeated. He was, moreover, as quick as most colonels—having many creditors. Lastly, he was a very proud man; so that, after a moment's pause, he turned to Lady Jane and asked her what she thought of the new *prima donna's* upper notes. Both agreed that they

were factitious, not natural ones; and in a few seconds more, they had parted with "assurances of the highest consideration." Colonel May was as far from marriage with an heiress as ever.

CHAPTER III.

Almost every modern novelist has tried his hand at the strong and bitter contrast betwixt the bleak pavement and the decorated banquet-room—betwixt Misery shivering in rags, and Folly (little more substantially clad) parading it in finery; but the upper story of a great house, at five o'clock in the morning after a ball, is a subject not hitherto ventured upon, so far as I know. The room, too, which we have entered, is that unlovely place, the schoolroom. Dancing had only just ceased in the world below. The beauties belonging to the mansion, feeling rather moral and penitent, and very weary on the occasion, had hardly swallowed with shut eyes the hot tea brought to them, nor altogether got rid of their pomps and vanities—how carefully put on, how contemptuously thrown off! But the governess had already risen for *her* day, and it might have been fancied that she had never been in bed, save for the neatness of her appearance, and for a freshness of complexion, such as can be seen after no vigil.

I have described Miss Hayward as sallow, not sickly. "Such nerves as she might have had," she once said, "had been thoroughly trained out of *her*;" and if she had never known a day's pleasure, as some understand it, she had never "enjoyed a day's bad health." Brought up to be a teaching-machine ever since she was fourteen, her aspect had become as utterly and exclusively professional, as if she did not belong to a sex whose life is occasionally ordered or *dis*-ordered by Love and Fantasy with all their "fruitless yearnings." She was merely another drawing-board, one more music-chair, an animated "use of the globes," an irrefragable dictionary of French conversation. With head and hands busy from morning till night—though the business might possibly appear somewhat of the dullest—Miss Hayward presented the spectacle of a human creature reduced by the perpetual action of routine, to a state of habit, performance, and punctuality, very nearly as certain as those of a machine; taking life as a matter of course, and duty without choice or resistance. There are many males of the same tribe in public offices, banks, manufactories; and—in defiance of fashionable sentiment and sympathy—these are not the most pitiable specimens of humanity which could be exhibited.

Yet—though Miss Hayward little dreamed it, and would have enjoined a double "repetition" on any pupil hinting such an impertinence—there was a touch of poetry in the governess which all her work had not worked out of her. There was something more than the drawing mistress—a sparkle of the artist—in her colored sketches; a quaintness, a courage, a feeling totally irrespective of any "guide to perspective," or "precepts in black lead," whose truths she had at her fingers' ends. And—yet stranger to those who delight to study set types of trial and oppression—Miss Hayward had found her way to the print-shops; and the printsellers had found out the merits of Miss Hayward, and paid her for her charming drawings without heart-breaking parsimony. This came pleasantly to one, the work of whose ill-colored hands must needs maintain a crippled sister; but, above and beyond the money, there was a touch of love of labor for

labor's sake, in the alacrity with which the governess drew her drawing-board close to the window at five o'clock that morning. She then shook down the shabby red curtain behind Lady Jane's Bouquet, which, leaning languidly out of its coarse blue china bottle, seemed to say, "Are we come to this!" and began to look the least in the world pathetic, as one with whom circumstances are not of the brightest.

There was in the nosegay a sort of modish coquetry mingled with natural beauty, that struck the artist's fancy. The ruffle of black lace—which every sonneteer and poet to snowdrops, Christmas roses, or daisies, has already condemned from the bottom of his fond heart—gave it a certain jaunty, Spanish air. Among the other curiosities which had strayed into the school-room when the drawing-room was cleared, chanced to be a massive old rosary and cross of filagree silver. It was a relic by the way, with a history of its own, much more moving than the one we are so much interested about. But the artist's eye beheld in it only a piece of "common property"—most graceful and effective when carelessly thrown together with Madame Adrienne's master-piece. The whole made a very piquant picture of still life; and if you can see no poetry in it, simple lover of Nature, the fault lies in your own heart; and you are more conventional in your simplicities than the mechanical governess, whom we were all agreeing to pity.

The sketch took the best ways from the first; the colors did their work; the light was delicious; the back-ground propitious. Within three hours a sufficient number of the Bouquet's points were recorded to leave the rest to the hour of leisure and memory. Nearly a quarter's rent of the little sunny rooms at Twickenham, occupied by poor Miss Thomasina Hayward, was provided for by that short and pleasant sitting, the best comment on which, perhaps, was in the early worker's own words, as she wiped her pencils and closed her color-box; "I really should like to keep this drawing for myself."

Then began the business of the day. Dull enough it seemed to our Bouquet. Had it been put together to listen to Mangnall's Questions? to look at no costume more engaging than brown-holland frocks, and hair which, not having "come out," had no duties of curl, or braid, or *crêpe* to perform—the plainer dressed the better! Some of the more delicate flowers began to feel that the gold wire pinched their throats more tightly than they had bargained for; the odor of other of the blossoms was felt to be too overpowering. They were putting themselves too forward! Then the sun ceased to shine in at the window, and, in short, had it not been for a word or two dropped about the opera in the evening, our Bouquet "might just as well have been a great, ugly, vulgar, tawdry, bunch of everlasting," for any entertainment or suitability in its surroundings with which it was indulged. To think of Colonel May having gone so deep in debt for this! But the fresh air of the opera and good company would revive the Bouquet, and it hoped that the morning's faintness would go off. Persons of quality were always faint, and looked their worst in the morning!—and by the time it became necessary, that the Bouquet should be in attendance on Lady Jane, it would be as brilliant as ever.

Visions—vain hopes—these! Our Bouquet was to go to the opera, it is true; but not with Lady Jane—nor even with one of the beauties of the house, on whom, in the pride of the preceding

evening, comments had been passed by it somewhat freely. To think of one of Madame Adrienne's pet children having to put up with the company of a governess and two gawky girls, one of whom had not got beyond blushing when the music was particularly beautiful. A vulgar bunch of moss roses or clove pinks, bought from a basket-woman in public Regent street could hardly have done much worse.

Add to this—it was to be an “off night” at the opera. The simplest of all simple *prima donnas*, compared with whom a *primrose* was a sophisticated creature, a toadstool of corruption—could n't and would n't sing two evenings running, to save her own life or her manager's. If she did so, her voice went, or she saw double, or she made mistakes in her entries and exits. And, what was more serious, SHE HAD PROMISED HER MOTHER, ON HER DEATH-BED, that she never would. What person who had a drop of human blood at his heart, could ask her after such a promise?

But the simplicity of “Mademoiselle Angioletta” (such was the dear *donna's* name) was of a height, and breadth, and depth, to be counted by none. It chanced that—on the very Tuesday morning of the “off-night” in question—an invitation for the coming Saturday had reached the songstress, from some august country house, which made an arrangement of Simplicity's duty for the week, eminently convenient. Blessed be the children of Nature! and beautiful is it to see how their artlessness rules an artful world!—Down went the Angioletta to the theatre—there and then, with her most innocent and truthful pair of eyes, and her sweetest smile. Creeping about the stage—how fearful of being in everybody's way!—it had struck her, that the Signora Corallina-Franchetti, the “off” *prima donna*, looked dismally ill. She *must* want rest. And her beautiful voice, too;—that must be spared. The Angioletta could not bear to be in a theatre with any one that was overworked! She could not, and she would not; and she cried as she said so!—She must speak to M., the manager, directly. She *would* sing for Madame Corallina-Franchetti that once, instead of singing on the Saturday. She, herself, was quite fresh. She liked, of the two, singing two evenings running, instead of one. She had never asked for the slightest favor before. She would not have done so now, if it had been to spare herself, indeed— and as for her mother—she would smile on a good action done to a fellow-artist!

Now, (being among flowers,) we may say “under the rose,” that the manager was a clever man, who had seen the Angioletta in the sullen, and who valued her simplicity nearly as highly as she did herself. Such an instance of consideration and virtue was worth its weight in gold, so sweetly would the tale thereof go the round of the *beau monde*. And thus it fell out that the weary beauties of — House, without in the least intending such a bounty, had treated the school-room opera-goers, not to a dismal old Italian hack who had never been anything better, but to the wonder of the season; whose virtue not merely convened worthy matrons (who generally abstained from theatres) to applaud it, but scoffing young men who repaired to the opera to criticize her voice, out of hardened contradiction!

Thus it was moreover that, albeit that Tuesday night was an “off-night,” our Bouquet, held very tight in the hands of the Lady Grace, who blushed

when the music was beautiful, passed, in the box-lobby of the grand tier, a basket crowded with its poor relations—two days old. Madame Adrienne's neglected wares still looked admirably showy, when thrown from the proscenium boxes of the theatre; and to the *proscenium* boxes a party of nosegays was going, to be properly discharged from thence by one of the Independent Public.

“Are you still with Lady Jane?” murmured the flowers in Signora Rusti-Fusti's basket.

“No,” was the reply wafted in return. “We are going to the Marchioness of Ravensbury's box. Where are you going?”

Did not the flowers in the basket feel the humiliation of this question, think you? But in another instant, the grandee's bosom friend, and the servants of Unbiased Enthusiasm, had parted company. Perhaps, if truth is to be told, the latter were the merriest—“sky-high” though their place was—and coarsely scented with some *eau de seconde qualité* or other, their patroness.

That night the Angioletta surpassed herself. Not only was her voice more silvery than ever, but her simplicity had grown with her success. Her behavior was celestial. That night, too, the applause was more uproarious than ever; because, owing to the change of performances, the house was more thinly attended than usual “by the aristocracy” when Simplicity sang. But what then?—Never had the theatre been so crammed since the theatre was built; and the public that does not pay is apt to be riotously enthusiastic.

All this was known to our Bouquet. One little half-hour in Madame Adrienne's back parlor would have been enough to instruct a weed in secrets of society so simple as these. And it was accordingly with well-bred *nonchalance*, not clear of its tinge of sarcasm, that our Bouquet saw the commencement of the shower from the upper regions, and hardly noticed how one tawdry piece of manufacture after another fell headlong at Simplicity's feet, to be gathered up by her (she would give no one else that trouble) with a caress as warm and tender as if never before had Modesty clasped a flower to her bosom—and as if this were the sole reward she craved! To conceive for one passing moment, that such could be its own fate, never, of course, occurred to our Bouquet. Demonstrative enthusiasm, it knew full well, was not thoroughbred; unless, perchance, when it was seen and heard in the Grand Stand at Ascot.

But what dependence can be placed on the instincts of a young lady “not out,” be she ever so noble!—one, moreover, who really loves music, and who eagerly believes in an Angioletta's simplicity! A shake on a certain *Catissimo* settled the matter, not to speak of a magical up-turning of the eyes, which accompanied the same. For a moment or two, Lady Grace sat uneasily; merely holding in an eager “O!” that she might not lose a note:—and then—O woe and disgrace! O lame and impotent conclusion! over went our Bouquet—down—down; to receive in falling a cruel thump (of course done on purpose) from the last of its poor relations, which was launched by the practised arm of Signora Rusti-Fusti. All was giddiness, mistake, and utter dismay. The hireling bouquet fell at the feet of the songstress, while the free-will offering tumbled ignobly into the dust, darkness, and degradation of the most wretched corner of the orchestra, (as every one is, of course convinced,) to be heard of never more!

CHAPTER IV.

THERE must be miserable people in every circumstance of life and in every profession—till, at least, the joint stock happiness-mongers banish pain, and poverty, and passion, and genius, from the world—but it seems generally agreed, that the most degraded class of mankind are to be found among the hangers-on of theatres; let me instance the supernumeraries, or the fathers and mothers of the children that are strung, three on one single wire, by way of filling the background of a celestial vision.

It was one of these melancholy, grimy folk, to whose lot our Bouquet fell. Griffley picked up an odd sixpence now and then, by carrying a double bass in and out of the orchestra. He was used, indeed, to picking up everything that dropped at his feet; and though none, probably, would have disputed the prize with him, he buttoned his coarse and greasy brown baize coat over the flowers, with a resolute embrace, that made the poor creatures sick. But, indeed, they had now fallen so low as to care for no further injury or degradation. Their glory, and grandeur, and honor had passed away with a vengeance. A longer step could not be made, than from Lady Jane, the lovely and beloved, to little Anne Griffley, the ill-looking and the scolded; who, at her best, was very nearly as grim and melancholy as her parent.

It is hardly to be expected, that flowers in a black lace ruff, and tied up with gold wires, should have many sympathies left, or much desire to penetrate the secrets of beings so coarse, and so soiled, as those among whom their ill stars had now thrown them. Otherwise our Bouquet might have found some prettiness and poetry in even these same wretched people. The man, though since palsy had shrunk his left arm, and stopped his fiddle-playing, he had been dragged and dragged through every sort of theatrical mire, though he had been seventh devil, and twentieth familiar of the Inquisition—reduced from even the despised plight of the Aquarius who waters the stage before the dancing begins, to the brigand, who is only seen in portions leaning over the distant bridge—had still a poor, tawdry, threadbare love of his art—a notion of doing his best—a sense that care counted for more than carelessness—a devotion (the word is not too strong) for all the great actors and actresses, who were in the least good-natured to him. He was given to use rude words; he was the fellow who had narrowly escaped being discharged for calling “the Angioletta” a humbug—the day when that songstress “was so sorry that she *must* take the best passages out of the second lady’s part;” but then he would have run himself black in the face, rather than be out of the theatre when ——— came on in his triumphal car; and I believe that he had cried more honest tears over *Norma’s* misbehavior, and *Amina’s* desperate ill-luck, than “the oldest subscriber”—or all the Lady Graces put together. Just now he was hunting *La Lucciola*, a dancer, lately a prime favorite, whom the Angioletta’s simplicity had for the moment eclipsed. Griffley fancied that she looked cross and old and downcast, and “had no notion of bearing to see her shoved aside by such a piece of make-believe.” The Bouquet should be put into water, and reserved for the Lucciola’s flageolet step; and then properly launched from “the flies,” and if she *were* to find out who flung it, Griffley for one did not mind.

But even this miserable chance for distinction was to be denied our Bouquet! Perhaps, who knows? it sustained its last mortal injury, in the unconscious hug given to it by the dirty enthusiast, as he climbed the staircase to his garret-home, in a street behind Brewer Street, not wholly without the visions of Alnaschar to bear him company. Certain it was, that when he opened his coat, and the treasure was espied, the little drab-complexioned girl who had been waiting for him, (very nearly as much of an economist and laborer as Miss Hayward herself) exclaimed, “La, father! what a thousand pities you’ve crushed it so! It has been such a beauty!”

The answer was an oath, for Anne’s exclamation made an end of Griffley’s dream. Down he sat to his bread and cheese and beer, in as sulky a temper as he could show, for, alas! even his class have their infirmities, as well as titled club gamblers, and noble husbands who treat their noble wives uncivilly. Anne Griffley worked for a masquerade warehouse; and her father would, there and then, have her give an account of her work; “She had been idling—he was sure she had; he saw it in her face, and so, of course, them belts and shoe-roses, she had promised to finish that night, were not touched—not a stitch of ‘em.”

“Yes, but they are,” replied the willing girl, “and, what’s more, they are taken home and paid for, and there’s the money; I would not leave mother Isaacs till I had it safe. Three-and-three for making the belts, and six pair of roses, at six a piece; six-and-three! I don’t think the man above stairs has brought home as much to-day, poor fellow.”

“And no matter to him. One of those refugees! I wonder can’t no English people paint pictures, and sing songs now-a-days. When Mrs. Billington was at our house, ‘My good man,’ says she one night, ‘if I was Queen Charlotte, would I have all them Italians a-singing here!’”

“Ay, and a-dancing too,” replied the girl, from whose remark it may be gathered, that politic wisdom must have been neglected by her—her father’s tastes considered. “But still it must be lonesome work, to sit, paint painting all day in that back room, with never a creature to speak to, and when one can’t sell one’s pictures, as he does. I say, daddy, let me just trot up, and see if he would not like a crust of bread, and a sup of beer. Twice in and twice out he has been, and I heard him say, all the way to Fenchurch Street and back.”

“Let me see you!” was Griffley’s polite reply. “Let me catch you a trotting after any such rob-bitch! No you’re a good girl, and a clever girl, and please God will keep you so, Anne. It’s England’s misfortune to harbor such!—I recollect when Madame Strorachey— But what are you after with that Bookey? It’s not meant for you to touch!”

“‘Tis a beauty, at all events,” said poor Anne with a sigh, not daring any further to express pity for the starving German in the garret. “It has been, that is;—but it is all squelched and faded now! so you might as well let one have it.”

“Well, there, take it; you’re not an idler, Anne, I will say; and them flowers is worth nothing, to throw at anybody now. I have not seen anything like ‘em in our house, though, since Colonel May was admiring Madame Lucciola. I should not wonder if there was a ring, or a purse, or a *billy* done up in the midst of ‘em. Untie them, Anne, and let’s look. If there’s jewellery,

of course it must go where it was meant—I'm not above receiving a few roses and bits of pinks—but rings is rings; that's another matter."

"*Bits of pinks!*" gasped our Bouquet—but the hour of its dismemberment was come, and Griffley's last insult was little felt at such an extreme moment. That which the dainty fingers of Madame Adrienne had so carefully put together with her utmost care and coquetry, as though the fate of the giver depended on the charm being exquisite—the busy, matter-of-fact hands of little, shabby Anne Griffley were to destroy. Such respects as she had to show depended on the possibility of anything "being made" of the windfall and its component parts.

Yet, poor child! could she have afforded, she would have taken as much delight in a bouquet as Lady Jane herself. It was a pleasure to unwind and to disentangle and to separate the flowers. Wiser in her generation than a damsel I once knew, who spent a month's good gardening pains on a sprig of Nattier's best artificial heath, which she accepted as genuine—planted, watered, and wondered that it never grew—the little girl laid aside more than one morsel to give it a chance of "blowing" in the garden of three phials and two sooty flower pots on her window sill—disposed of others in a chipped match-stand of shabby china, which was one of her few possessions—and deposited the blossoms too far gone for such respect betwixt the leaves of her one book—an odd number of ———, which had been left at the house by Mr. Sperringe, the scene painter, who said he did not want it again—the shilling pamphlet being too much soiled to sell at half price.

"To be sure, they make our chimney-piece quite smart," was Griffley's comment. "And so there's no ring to get a crown upon, for taking it home to its right owner. Catch such luck for me! Well, wind all that gilt wire together, Anne. I'll give it you; it will come in for something; and hand over that black lace here. I'll keep it against a rainy day!"

"It's just a match to Madame Lucciola's mantilly," was the remark of poor Anne, who had been far too well trained to expect a possession of such value falling to her lot. "And, now, father, if you've done your worst; I'll straighten all this litter before I go to bed."

So that was the end of our Bouquet.

CHAPTER V.

It is hoped and expected that some curiosity is felt with regard to the fate of Miss Hayward's portrait of the defunct Bouquet, which was taken, it will be recollected, at a moment when there seemed small probability of any other memorial of Madame Adrienne's master-piece being handed down to posterity, and which, moreover, was resigned by its painter with a fond sigh of preference and regret—fantastic folk might add, of prophecy.

Among all the carriages which crowded the street "illustrated by the establishment" of Mr. Lazenby, the great city print-seller, none were to be more frequently seen than a large roomy chaise, of the saddest green color, driven by a personage who was neither a banker's clerk nor a tabernacle schoolmaster, but who, looking a little like both, was therefore exposed to much sarcasm from the plumed and powdered giants who lounged about with their gold-headed canes—saying saucy things of the city, while their Lady Janes and Lady Sarahs were up stairs, listening to Mr. Lazenby, and pat-

ronizing high art. The chaise belonged to the husband of the rich and excellent Quakeress, Millis Lawe; and a prettier face never looked through plate-glass than the visage of the daughter of Millis, whose name was Priscilla.

Now, why that chaise should be so often seen among the gaudy coaches, cabs, curricles, and tandems of this world's people is soon told. Mistress Millis Lawe was as excellent a woman as ever wore bombazeen and drab silk; compassionate, indefatigable, sensible—rising early and late taking no rest when the life of a convict was to be saved, or when a case of distress was to be relieved, or when an evil-doer was to be admonished; gentle, but courageous—beneficent when most prudent. But Millis loved great people—not flaunting peeresses and titled red coats, but weighty bishops, and such solemn folk—old princesses, and the old ladies of rank who waited on the same—foreign royalties, who saw no such specimens of womankind at home, and who regarded the Quakeress with as much curiosity as genuine interest. "T was delightful to say "*thee* and *thou*" to an elector or a crown prince; to be whispered on a platform by black silk aprons, and to receive applications for ghostly counsel, not from my lord's chaplain, but from my lord's own hand. There are other and better women than Madame Maintenon to whom "*sa solidité*" is a title more precious than all the more showy compliments which accost a Montespan. And though none could have spoken more touchingly to the points of "perishable honors" and "kings' favorites" than Millis Lawe, she was among the number.

Now the daughter of Millis was her mother's true daughter in her love of lords and ladies. Only Priscilla preferred the young to the elderly ones. And even the guarded circles which she was permitted to frequent, were penetrated by strange and troubling hints and encouragements. Among those who came to hear Mrs. Lawe "expound," were many who came "*for once*," merely to stare at the queer cap, and to hear the musical sing-song voice. Others were brought because they could not but help it, whose thoughts were in the Park, or in the Chiswick Gardens, and whose talk was of concerts, if it did not get the length of the opera:—young ladies who danced among themselves "*for the sake of the exercise*;" and who went to court, because it was Christian to keep up the distinctions of rank—and who recollected what they and every one else had worn there. And whereas, the excellent Millis cherished a bland toleration for these "*dear young people*," the bright-eyed Priscilla had a more sympathetic delight in their company, not (in every sense of the words) to be expressed. Thus, being very pretty, rather fearless, and absolved by the sect whose livery she wore from conformity to worldly observances—it will not surprise any one that she, in turn, was found fresh, *naïve*, attractive; a damsel funny or pleasant (as might be) to talk to and to answer. Then she drew singularly well—for, though music is still shut out, drawing has been allowed entrance into Quakerdom; and Millis was too highly cultivated and naturally genial a person to restrict her daughter in any innocent indulgence. Lastly, the maiden always managed to arrange her by no means unbecoming dress with considerable "*favor and prettiness*,"—never wanting the ornament of the fairest and freshest flowers: for Priscilla was the queen of a flower-garden, teeming with treasures costly and curious enough to break the heart of a Madame Adrienne, from which the maiden had

twice been allowed the privilege of making up with her own hand a bouquet for her gracious majesty.

But wherever that sick-green chaise was seen, one might be sure that some work of charity was afoot. On the day in question, Priscilla, who was drawing busily for a fancy fair for the benefit of the poor prisoners in the Penitentiary at Glenham Marshes, had come to Mr. Lazenby's in search of an "idea" or two. Now, Mr. Lazenby, every now and then, besides portraits of bishops and interesting pictures of "royal sacraments," &c., &c., could show choice water-color drawings. He was the trader who took everything that Miss Hayward could draw as fast as she could get it finished. Moreover, Lazenby was no fool; he knew the pulses of his customers—who could puff—which *must* pay; and the sort of production which each was most likely to admire. Accordingly, on the present occasion, he laid out the beautiful drawing of our Bouquet in its black lace ruffle, for the express temptation of the tasteful Priscilla. I am afraid that, had it been ever so ugly, in place of the reverse, after its modish kind, the mode would have carried the day with the Quaker maiden. "It would be a real attraction for dear Lady Rachel's stall," said she; and as Millis happened for the moment to be standing aside, deep in discourse and a tract bag, with a tough old philanthropist having an active chin, who never ceased "expressing her views," and was called Lady Maria—any objections such as the mother might have been called upon to make against the great price of the drawing, were easily set aside, and the worldly picture was handed into the "staid" green coach, and smoothly rolling on its way to Tottenham ere half-an-hour was over.

CHAPTER VI.

BUT though our Bouquet was ended, and its very picture banished from the world of good company, one or two of the persons talked over during the memoir of its short and varied life continued to flourish on, just as though it had died in the most orthodox and consolatory manner possible, and had been embalmed in immortal verse, by the court poet of May-fair. Madame Adrienne, for one, grew neither thinner nor duller over the loss; on the contrary, her Tobacco Rose blew at last, besides the other ugly rarities and more which I did not mention; and she forgot, as if it had never existed, what manner of treasure she had furnished to Colonel May. It would be too much to say that she forgot, also, that it was unpaid for. But the great consumption of bouquets on the Angioletta nights at the opera, made the dear woman somewhat more willing to wait for her money; especially, since she had, as I have said, a secret tenderness for the finery and fashion of gallant Colonel May. Till love flies out of the window, and law comes in at the door, I am afraid that our Madame Adriennes will prefer *mauvaises sujets*.

All this while the world was no wiser with regard to the footing in which the gentleman stood in Lady Jane's favor. It is remarkable, how moderate an expenditure of reserve and pride on the part of rejected suitors will entirely puzzle and mystify gossip rumor. Usually, however, disappointment prefers to enjoy its full privileges, and womanly dignity is not averse to counting up the numbers of its slain, in the sight of recusant men and rival angels. But, on the one hand, the colonel had cogent reasons for discretion; and on the other, Lady Jane was profoundly indifferent.

So the two, though perfectly understanding each other, remained fair friends; and the world began to order the *trousseau*, to choose the house, to draw the settlements, and to plan the wedding tour. One or two people, however, found out, in addition, that the Beauty was giving herself airs—setting up for originality, and the like. She was never again seen to wear a bouquet.

There was one woman to whom all these tales came with a bitterness, to which her own peculiar vexations added half its force. One ought perhaps to be ashamed to mention a Lucciola and a Lady Jane in the same chapter. The dancer had been taught to dance; and was born to be trifled with; this was the world's code. If you had said, ever so meekly, that neither by character nor conduct had she given more occasion for capricious usage than the Beauty, all womankind would have been up in arms, to prove (well acquainted, no doubt, with many strange things) that such an one's duty as hers was to be ill-used—that she had brought it on herself—and could not be talked about without a cause!

Moreover, from the moment when the Angioletta's simplicity and virtue began to diffuse distress and jealousy in the theatre blessed by her presence, the Lucciola was complained of as "giving herself airs." The flageolet step (once how popular!) had lost half its neatness. She was thought to dance carelessly and impertinently. Poor woman! A more wretched heart never danced. For, with indignation at the manager, and scorn of the independent public, who let her down as suddenly as they had lifted her up, was combined a bitterness of heart which I have not words to describe. Colonel May had ceased to pay court to her (thus said woman's passion) from the moment that he had seen her popularity waning. In truth he had become tired of laying siege, where surrender was to bring on marriage; and to be married and to have a house at St. John's Wood—not therefore giving up the stage and the money—was the Lucciola's fixed idea. She was a coarse, angry creature; and, perhaps, had been more anxious to show that she could and would retain her power, and keep her own way, than to gain the home and protection, which quieter women understand as belonging to married life.

Of all her fancies, feelings, and frenzies, the man-at-arms, to do him justice, never dreamed. Thus, not to vex her, but it might be to please—it might be to pique—Lady Jane, he began to show a wondrous interest in the Angioletta—and with a slight effort to gain an introduction, got numbered among the fetchers and carriers, whose services simplicity repaid so easily, by "wondering that they had ever heard of her." The tale of his court to the heiress, too, was in the theatre; and the Lucciola had friends resolved to spare her no solitary particular which could annoy her. The arts of active mortification are practised nowhere with greater success, than in her domain. The dancer began to suffer from dreadful nervous headaches;—upon which the habit of intemperance was added, by polite rumor, to her other good qualities; and one night, the sight of the man whom she at once loved and despised, leaning over betwixt Lady Jane and the Angioletta, (whose simplicity had wound its way into the acquaintance of the finest fine lady in town,) exercised so powerful an effect on the unhappy creature, already quivering with fever, that—on leaving the stage after a dance which no one applauded, she miscalculated her

distance—tattered—fell against the side scene, to the serious injury of her flimsy dress, and the displeasures of the public, who medicined her pain, and pitied her accident, in a sound hitherto unknown to her—a distinct and unequivocal hiss!

Whatever wretchedness or amazement was uppermost in the favorite thus degraded, it would be hard to tell. Then came indignation, counselling her to take flight and leave so miserable and ungrateful a crew of subjects. Then a burst of tears; and all this time the music was going on; and in a very few minutes more La Lucciola must face her faithful friends and courteous patrons again.

She had forgotten her tattered flounce. "Will you not let my little girl put you to rights?" said a rough, but not unfriendly voice, close in her ear, "Here, Anne, is a bit of lace just handy! Stitch up that rent as fast as your fingers can, and if it is not a match no one will see from the front, and madam will excuse it. And there's a glass of water, if you will please, ma'am, to drink—it will refresh you."

"What!—is it *you* who are sorry for me?" said the dancer, as she turned sharply round, with an odd mixture of scorn, sarcasm, and sympathy in her tone.

"I'd angle your Angelletty's!" was Griffley's fervent answer, "if I had the ordering of things! Never mind such as she, madam. Only wait, and you will see what will happen to her, and serve her right!"

"What can I do for you?" was La Lucciola's rapid answer. "Send *her* (pointing to little Anne, as she arranged herself in one of those wondrous distortions which with opera dancers pass for grace) to me to-morrow, and, and— I'll dance for *you* now."

The music suddenly changed, and the Lucciola was already on the distant side of the stage smiling a haughty smile. Our English public is an odd monster. Appeal to it rightly, and an honest reply will never fail you. There was a spirit in the Lucciola's *pas* which recalled her friends and silenced her maligners—there and then. And, behold! it happened that just at that precise moment when an *encore* was called for, Lady Jane (only think of Lady Jane!) mechanically took the Angioletta's bouquet and flung it towards the radiant creature, who, betwixt wrath and gratified feeling, was at that instant looking her best. What a pity it was that the songstress was suddenly seized with "that strange spasmodic faintness to which she was always liable, when too much interested—and that she was compelled to leave the box!"

"You shall have a bouquet to-morrow instead. Pray pardon me," said the beauty. "Colonel May gets very fine ones somewhere; but I can't think why *ladies* wear them."

"I am not a lady," said the Angioletta, in a *down-on-her-knees* voice which was truly melting, "and therefore I like flowers, very much—"

Probably none of the party enjoyed their suppers that night, so thoroughly as Griffley and little Anne. Who could tell but that preferment might at last be before them!

CHAPTER VII.

COLONEL MAY'S "turn-out" was one of the sights of gay London; as universally attractive to strangers as Lady —'s ringlets, or the whiskers of Colonel —, which have "flamed amazement" during half a century of parliamentary debates.

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Lighter the vehicle could not have been, nor smoother its wheels, nor more rakish and thoroughbred in its build; Landseer had painted the horse, as a type—Berton, rumor averred, had supplicated to be allowed to dress the *tiger*. A gayer show never dashed down Piccadilly on a bright spring day, nor a gayer visage than that of its owner, who, for all his thirty-five years, had never a wrinkle or gray hair to show—and for all his late hours, kept up a complexion so fresh that the Sunday papers—celestial organs of charity—one and all knew where he bought his rouge; each, however, naming a different place. Yet, truly strange, and strangely true is the fact, that not a pennyweight of the colonel's accoutrements was paid for. He had been educated to "live upon nothing," and knew no other science of life; but what he knew he practised sincerely, and with an easy conscience.

It is a mistake often made, to deny the existence of happiness, such as it is, among persons whose habits and practices would, with us, constitute misery. There is indisputable felicity in the smoking of tobacco, in the chewing of opium, in the drinking of gin, although we may not be able to find it out or to join in the same. I have seen a full-grown man, and no fool, entirely contented by the possession of a couple of thousand leaden puppets dressed as soldiers, whom he could manœuvre as he pleased. But, as we have not anatomized Colonel May's "turn-out," neither are we called upon to discuss the materials and manner, still less, the morals, of his complacency, as he drove lightly along, to fulfil Lady Jane's commission, and to bespeak a bouquet for the Angioletta. Yet, settling day with Madame Adrienne could not be adjourned forever, and the lady-killer was in a more contemplative mood than usual. Being no fool, and fully aware of the footing on which he stood with Lady Jane, the necessity of transferring his siege to some other heiress began to rise distinct on his horizon. It would be just as well, too, if that which was to be done were done quickly.

Little thought the placidly meditative captain, as innocent in the worldliness among which he had been born and bred, of the world in which humble men and women live—as the grim pair, father and daughter, that were hurrying across the Quadrant to get out of his way, were of *his* orbit—little, I say, could Captain May have dreamed that people met him in the streets, among whom the sight of his "turn-out" provoked a curse; to whom his aristocratic fancies of living without "base and mechanical" payment were alleged by *their* employers as the cause for extortion, oppression, and delay. "We can't get paid," would the master say, "and so, my man, you must wait." But waiting, for the workman, may mean starving lying upon straw such as the colonel's cab-horse despises—feeding upon garbage which the colonel's tiger would not touch with the toe of his boot.—

"Here he comes, Anne!" cried Griffley, "on some mischief or other. Mind you don't tell Madame Lucciola you've seen him, if you want her to favor you.— Come on, what are you about!"—

This is not the easiest question to answer, at two o'clock in the day, in the Quadrant, in the midst of the thunder of omnibuses, the crash of carriages, the prancing of high-mettled horses, the roll of heavy carts. Anne thought she had been waiting for her father, for Griffley walked unsteadily;—some said because he was always more or less bewildered with drink, I know, because he was lame.

Thus adjured, she made a dash to reach the causeway, not made the steadier by a loud cry and an oath at her heels, a sudden rush of confused and angry people, and the voice of a gentleman calling to his rearing horse. Safe stood the girl at the corner of Air street, her heart beating as if it would break; safe herself, but stunned with a hubbub of cries of "killed!"—"Poor man!"—"Is he?"—"Only a broken arm!"—"Who does the poor fellow belong to, I wonder?"—and such like disjointed shouts and comments as tell of an accident, and which told that the present victim was Anne's father, who was struck down at the very moment when the poor struggling fellow fancied himself on the road to good luck at last.

It is a good feature in an English crowd that it always takes part with the poor and defenceless. Of course the dashing "turn-out" came in for no small share of execration. Yet, at no small risk to his own limbs, the colonel was out in the first instant, in the midst of the hubbub, with his hat off, supporting the hurt man in his arms with a "presence of heart" as honest as the pity of the crowd. More tenderly Griffley could not have been lifted to the side-pavement; nor more efficient and immediate care have been taken of him. The colorless and dismayed face of the girl, too, was never forgotten by the man of the world. "He is not dead, my girl!" Colonel May exclaimed eagerly; "though I am afraid he is sadly hurt. If some one will call a cab, I will go home with him; he shall be properly attended to."

"Better take him to a hospital," growled a gruff voice in the rear. "Gents forget that there's no great matter of comfort for such as he in their own homes. But it's little matter—he's done for, I'm thinking."

"It's a bitter shame!" chimed in another voice, "the way in which those chaps drive, as if the street was all before 'em—and who but they? But my gentleman will have to pay for it pretty handsomely, and that's a comfort. Come along, Bill."

"Pay for it!" At the same moment flashed across the colonel's mind the consciousness that the present indulgence could be no case of Madame Adrienne and bouquets on credit. Perhaps a sharper sting has not been often driven home, than the colonel's sudden, direct, and final conviction that he could not pay for the mischief he had done;—having only one solitary poor gold piece in his pocket, and small distinct idea from whence the next was to come.

"Tiverton!" called he to such another as himself, whose hat and moustaches were seen cleaving the crowd to learn what was going on—"Tiverton! my good fellow, stop for God's sake! Here's a poor man sadly hurt. Give me your purse, will you, till I can get down to Herries'!"

But Tiverton was liable to a deafness of long standing, especially in the open air, and when the sun was in his eyes—and, accordingly, naturally enough, (of course, without seeing or hearing his club-mate,) he lounged on. The man was not dead, he perceived, and so there was no particular excitement.

Though not dead, however, Griffley was cruelly hurt. One or two bones at the least were broken, and the sufferer was in such anguish that to remove him home seemed the humane measure, the place being close at hand. No one could be more energetic than Colonel May. A surgeon and a nurse were there and then sent for, for whom he undertook to be responsible. They were to spare noth-

ing in the form of comfort that money could buy for the sick man. He would send in the evening to inquire—he would come the next morning himself. Poor Anne need not cry; her father should be well cared for. She might dismiss all anxiety from her mind. And never was speaker more sincere in his promises than Colonel May; so long had he been used to scrambling, that his mode of life seemed as applicable to its sorrows as to its pastimes.

But heroism and daring have their limits, and it was Griffley's hard hap that Colonel May's battle with Fortune should be suddenly cut short on that very day of days. That the end *must* come at last, is a truth forgotten by those who imagine that because patience is long-suffering it is eternal, and that credit has no point of breaking when it has been stretched to the uttermost.

As he drove home, the enthusiasm of pity having cooled, Colonel May began naturally to speculate on the manner in which his promise was to be fulfilled. Keep it he would, but for a couple of years he had been used to throw all letters on business into the fire; safe, he whispered to himself, in the hands of his solicitor, an Israelite, indeed, in whom there was no guile. Latterly, it had lazily occurred to him, that one or two epistles from Mr. Hosey, (whose real name was *Hosea*;) might possibly have been burnt among the rest; "even if one was the most particular man in London, there was no avoiding such mistakes!"—But on this day, it would seem, as if a suspicious mood of presentiment had been providentially stirred in the man of Fashion. He had been made to feel and to think. He must see what the four or five neat and official-looking missives on his table contained. He opened one—two—the entire half-dozen. They were a complete series, with a vengeance!

Never had man more instantaneous need for decision of character; the colonel's proved equal to its emergency. Never were measures of relief and deliverance accomplished with a more masterly avoidance of fuss and notoriety.

That afternoon the "turn-out" might be seen at the door of a jeweller's shop or two—at a coach-maker's—in the courtyard of the — embassy—drawn up before Herries', (as promised.) That evening it conveyed its amazing proprietor to Stonehenge House, where the colonel, it was afterwards recollected, "had seemed unusually to enjoy his dinner, and had been more than usually confidential with Lady Jane." * * * But, after that dinner, the "turn-out" met the eye of lounging Londoner no more. The earth must have swallowed it; and 't is just possible that Mr. Hosey's "Notes upon Terrestrial Convulsions" might throw some light on the phenomenon—while, as for the colonel, there happened to be a trial boat running to Ostend that very midnight; and from Ostend, to any one bound for the eternal snows of the Alps, the Belgian Railway offers a rapid vehicle for emigration. Further, it has been said (*vide* the Kalydor Books) that pedestrianism quickens the growth of the hair; and if it be true that some accident on the night of the earthquake did strangely deprive the colonel of his beard and moustaches, it is easy to comprehend how such an Adonis should not choose to compromise himself in the eyes of all London and Lady Jane, till lip and chin should be again in full beauty and full blow. The colonel was gone—strange, random fellow! without taking his leave of any one, or telling to which *poste restante* letters might be directed. But, alas! there was no one to ex-

plain the colonel's disappearance and its concomitant wonders to poor Griffley.

Other stars, too, were shaken in their places by the influences of the hour. On the very same morning when Griffley was run over, Mademoiselle Angioletta was taken ill. Tender soul! she had caught cold at the opera the night before by staying to see the *ballet*! When she should be able to sing again nobody could guess. "Happily," said she, humbly enough to break any manager's heart, "the great success of La Lucciola, (how much better deserved than her own!) rendered her absence a matter of no consequence to the theatre." Touching was the admiration bestowed upon her humility and low self-estimate by the world at Stonehenge House.

But, alas! for the Angioletta's chances of being allowed to be ill at peace. Who could have foreseen that, on that very evening of all evenings, a flaw should be discovered in La Lucciola's contract with the theatre? It was so; and to prove the existence of such flaw, the contract, properly signed and witnessed, was published in the papers. There had been an absolute specification that the "flageolet step" should be executed with the right foot. La Lucciola now, under pretext of a sprain, perpetually used the *left* one. Discipline must be maintained; La Lucciola had been taking liberties; on principle, liberties must be resisted. The law was clear—the manager was as learned in the law as Mr. Hosey himself. Away should go La Lucciola, there and then.

Ten days afterwards, Stonehenge House was ready to swear itself black in the face that La Lucciola had eloped with Colonel May. She had not, however.

But I repeat it, there was no one to account for her departure to poor feverish Griffley; and as he tossed and turned on his bed of torture, who shall wonder if there festered deep into his heart, a spirit of contempt and execration against "his betters," such as, possibly, no time, nor breathing of a healthier air, under a clearer light, could ever cure!

Thus goes the world.

CHAPTER VIII.

BUT cruelly, hardly, hopelessly, goes the world, with the watcher by the sick bed—when Poverty is lying there; and when nurse and sufferer are alike agreed that they are tormented beyond their share. Nor did either Griffley or his daughter belong to that class of angelic beings, whom misery and untoward circumstance have sublimed into an excess of patience or content.

The wounded man's room was a harsh, rude scene—a place where women quarrelled, and men exchanged angry words. The nurse presently took her leave, carrying off with her as many valuables as she could lay hands upon, when it became clear to her that she had been "choused;" the physician lost his temper, and told the sick man that he might die in the kennel—after Griffley had broken out into one of his "passions," and accused the doctor "of wanting to make a job of him"—and had also taken his departure. There was nothing left with the invalid but the young girl—and utter, imminent, want.

At such desperate junctures, that least popular of qualities, "toughness," becomes the real blessing of life. Where a more delicately-nurtured creature must have given way, or broken down, Anne Griffley could still work on and abide, less

dismayed than softer ones of her sex would have been; and, if less amiable, more helpful than they. She could go again and again to the theatre and to the masquerade warehouses, not content with vague promises of work, but resolute not to quit the premises till she had it in possession. She could take no denial when money was due. When her father scolded, she could scold—when her landlady pressed for rent, reason. Add to this, she could, because she *must*, continue stitching; nay, what seems stranger, exercising her fancy as steadily as if they were not living from meal to meal—living upon her toughness. Sometimes, it is true, poor Anne wondered what she should do when town was empty, and when the theatres were shut, if her father did not get upon his legs again. Sometimes strange, dismal envyings flashed across her mind, as she heard the street laughter of girls, and felt that at least they were merrier than she. Sometimes it seemed as if every one else had more luck than herself—save, perhaps, in the solitary article of window gardening; for the bit of "queer heath" which she had potted chose to thrive apace, and when it grew bigger it might sell for something, since, of course, it was too pretty for Griffley's daughter to keep. But, on the whole, Anne had small time for the luxury of grievances.

Want and misery came pressing nearer and nearer. Town did empty—and the theatres did shut: and the girl's fantastic, and hardly gained, and ill-paid work did begin to dwindle: and still her father lingered on his bed unable to do anything for their relief. Sometimes she thought that he *would not* make such efforts as he might have done—preferring to lie still and groan, to rising, or even helping her to think. By degrees, one small superfluity after another disappeared from the room, to eke out the blanks betwixt one wretched job and another. Poor Anne now began to consider whether there was no one she could apply to. But the Griffleys were of the class that has the fewest friends. At last, matters were in some sort brought to a climax thus. The girl must needs work the whole of one night to be paid early the next morning—or no breakfast would be forthcoming. But about eleven o'clock, her labor over a piece of tinsel and cotton velvet, bespoken for an equestrian troop about to go out on a provincial tour, was cut short by a sudden fit of darkness. Her candle was burnt out.

What was to be done? The girl well knew that the people of the house (already at the edge of their endurance) would do nothing for her. Light she must have, and money there was none. So, with that promptitude which distinguished her, she was on the stairs in an instant—a story higher than she had ever before mounted—and, without shame and hesitation, was tapping at the door of their fellow-lodger, the needy German artist.

The man who opened it was in a sufficiently dishevelled plight. A Hungarian *bunda* made of two colors of blanket, suited oddly with a pair of olive-colored bare legs thrust into a pair of tawdry pink slippers. Though the night was breathlessly hot, he was covered with a lounging cap of tapestry work, edged with fur; and the atmosphere of the room, yet more than the utensil in his mouth, told how he had been smoking—fast and furiously. He was very ugly, and seemed nearly as shamefaced as herself.

"Could you have the great goodness," said the poor girl, "to lend me your lamp this once, when you go to bed? I must sit up and sew, my father

is so ill ; and my candle is gone out, and I cannot get another to-night."

"You sit up? and not to bed go? I fear you are wanting—much—Here is my lamp, but the oil is small—I want it not more—and so none buy. I have just ended my packment for Ostend. I go, morning, home."

"Are you going, too?" asked poor Anne in rather a doleful voice, remembering how, many a time and oft, she had found the feet on the floor of the room above her own "company."

"Yes, I am going home. But your father, is he better? They said he broke himself, quite. I am self so poor, that I have almost nothing for my own endeavors; but this lamp is my own propriety. I will give it you, always."

"I thank you kindly, sir," said poor Anne. "Good night, and a pleasant journey to you."

And as she cut short this untimely dialogue thus abruptly, almost snatching at the offering—and descended, intent on her spangles and stripes—while the German artist turned back to stumble among his "luggages," and finish his cigar in the dark—who can wonder that he thought the English a strange, shut up, ungrateful folk? and that poor Anne was about the most exacting and the least thankful of the tribe! A long speech from her, full of fine phrases, would have sent him off in great contentment. Or could he only have known the visions that crowded within the dim yellow circle of light, in which that leaden-eyed and sallow girl plied her needle! But though transcendental to a wish, the German painter was not *clairvoyant*.

Anne's work, thanks to the lamp and the visions, got finished somehow. M. Tournefort's secretary called for it at early morning—paid the money agreed upon, and the tired girl, too tired to move or to undress herself, fell asleep, her head falling like a dead thing upon her folded arms. But the poor wretch had watched and worked one night too long. When she awoke, strange sounds were in her ears—strange people were in the room. She was feeling strange pains, not of hunger, alas! that was not strange to poor Anne—and Griffley was out of bed and dressed, making a clumsy shift to prepare breakfast, and bawling in her ear, "Can't you speak to the lady, you idle, slovenly girl? Can't you look up and speak to the lady? What else are you good for, I should like to know. Can't you tell the lady what she asks?"

"Is it about the lamp?" was Anne's confused answer, as she stared about wildly. "Will they take it away from me? He gave it me for mine. He did."

"I am sorry," said a very sweetly modulated voice close to Anne's ear, "to see so young a person in such a state as thine; at this early time of day, too."

"O, for Heaven's sake, madam!" cried Anne, too ill to understand what was meant, or do more than *make out bits* of good Millis Lawe, who stood there with a grave and compassionate face observing her, "if you can help us, only for this one day, pray, pray, do! I am so ill, and my head burns so, and I have all that gold and scarlet before my eyes; I can sew no more, I cannot, indeed, till I have had some sleep. What time is it, father—seven? Mr. Fountain *has* paid me, and there's the money."

"Art thou in thy right senses, young woman?" inquired the good Millis. "It is past mid-day."

"I hope so, madam, but I am not sure; I have such a thirst!"

"The consequences of liquor, I expect," soliloquized the calm Quakeress, observing poor Anne with a steady but not severe eye.

The girl heard this. "Liquor! O don't, don't, ma'am; O don't fancy it is drink, and look so at me. I have no time, no money, to drink—no wish! Father, do tell the lady about—I can't speak rightly this morning."

Griffley did not know what he had to tell the lady, or what madam had to say to him. She had not come there after them; but to ask for the German painter, forsooth—(one of those foreigners always.) And the door of the three pair back was open, and his room was empty, and none in the house knew where he was gone—like those foreigners! Madam wanted nothing of theirs—they were not refugees—they had no pictures to sell, not they! They were only starving English people, (now the theatre was shut,) who had been ridden over in the streets, and cheated of their rights. "But what ails the girl?" cried he, suddenly changing his tone, as poor Anne reeled back into a chair, unable to support herself any longer. "She's going to knock up now—and nobody to nurse her. It is *working* all night that has killed her."

"I am afraid," said Millis Lawe, "that there has been lightness of conduct and imprudence here, if not worse; and thy way of speaking is rather rebellious. But if thou art in distress, we will excuse explanations of the cause to-day, and see what can be done in relief." And the worthy woman took off her bonnet, laid it on the table, settled her shawl, and composed her comely face to hear. It was quite true that she had come at Priscilla's instance to seek after a poor foreign painter, one of whose drawings had fallen in their way, and who was said to be a genius in want of money; but it was no less true that she would not turn aside from suffering, wheresoever it presented itself—"and therefore," concluded she, after a few weighty words, "thou mayst speak to me freely, but I hope without intemperate language, which is undesirable."

It was putting Griffley under hard conditions to prohibit slang, swearing, and other violent expressions, when he was in earnest. And he had a grudge against the Quaker lady for coming there after a foreigner. But no one could long remain proof against Millis Lawe's kind face and friendly manner, and so he told her—swallowing down all manner of bitter thoughts the while—how he had been used—how he had been deserted—how Anne had worked, and how she was done up, and "now" was the close of Griffley's outburst, "we must starve—we must!—unless, please God, Madame Lucciola help us and come back."

"And who may that be, pray? By the manner in which thou hast introduced her name, a Romish person called a Saint, I expect. I should be sorry to imagine that any industrious person need starve in this country—and when thou art better, if thou art willing to work—"

"If—that he was! Anything about a theatre that anybody could do, Griffley was only too proud to do!"

"I feared that some such occupation might be thine, and am little accustomed to thy class," said Millis rising, with increased reserve of manner. "And yet, if thy daughter's illness has been brought on by sustaining thee during sickness, I

think I am free to provide some immediate assistance for her. I will not oppress thee with many words, but I wish thou hadst a less questionable trade."

Nothing kept a reply from rising to Griffley's lips but the placid eyes of Millis, and the unobtrusive manner in which two crown-pieces seemed to creep upon the table. "May I speak with the person of the house?" said she, "I trust a respectable woman."

"I thank you dutifully, madam," said poor Griffley, "though you are against theatres. Yes, ma'am, the woman's right enough, though as arrant a screw as—and now she'll be worse and worse, with her three pair back to let," and Griffley made a motion, as if to show the way or to summon the landlady; but he, too, could hardly walk.

"I hear thy communications," said Millis. "I desire that thou wilt rest to-day. Thy daughter does look over-worked. I hope that she has been kindly used," for the mother thought of her own Priscilla's ripe rosy cheeks, and her woman's heart melted within her. With a quiet alacrity, which told as much of good sense as of good feeling, she herself sought out the landlady and gave such directions as would suffice for the immediate removal of the strain from poor Anne. "It is fair, however," said she, returning to Griffley for a parting word, "to forewarn thee, that mine is but a temporary assistance. We have little unity with persons occupied in theatrical amusements."

"Amusements, madam!" was Griffley's rough answer, "it's our business!"—but Millis was gone, having still her inquiries to make about the German painter—Priscilla's *protégé*. Moreover, there were one or two "words in season," and tidy tracts to be dropped on the stairs, and put into the hands of said landlady;—who would have curtsied, and thanked the Almighty all the same for any document given to her by any lady who arrived in a chaise and pair and who brought money to the house—seeing that Anne's landlady could not read.

But, woe worth the day! While Millis was thus pleasingly improving the time, and bearing testimony against those who thrive by vain amusements—how was her precious Priscilla occupied? Drawing busily, no doubt, for the Glenham Marshes Fancy Fair—or tending her garden, and trying to make her Tobacco-Rose blow "the first,"—or "centring down" in her chamber over some meek book. Alas, no! "Mamma" had no sooner been despatched in quest of the poor German painter, than the maiden, who was used to an independence of action in which the "world's people" never dare indulge, had ordered her pony-chaise, and was now in the midst of her playfellows, Lady Anne, and Lady Katherine, and Lady Wilhelmina; and one was teaching to the flushed, laughing girl, the new waltz step—and another was tempting her with a plot, how that when good Millis should be safely despatched to the quarterly meeting at —, Priscilla should come up to South street, and not only hear, but perhaps meet at dinner, the Angioletta—and a third for her edification was exhibiting the lounge of Colonel May. And none the less merry was Priscilla, because she must be back in her demure place, and her pony safe in its stall, before her mamma came back from town, with her mind at peace and her tract-bag empty. She owned that she "did love a holiday!"

So did other girls. Poor Anne Griffley was in-

dulged with *hers* on the dingy bed in the dark hole which she called her room. But a result proceeded from the visit of Millis not provided for. The landlady chose to claim a corner of Anne's closet, for "some litter" left by the German. "Who knew but the Quaker lady might take a tiff, if it was made away with? She had preached away like a psalm, on the stairs, about every one getting their just rights, and as the three pair back was to be straightened, there was no room for such trash there!"

Trash, in truth, were the relics left by the German. Scraps of paper, envelopes directed to Herr Kauffman, halves of letters, written in a character as strange to Anne as Chinese; a piece of paper scrawled over with "*Von G.*," in a round, coarse, schoolboyish hand, and with the impression of a coat of arms on it, and another with "*Philippina*," or some such word, accompanying a few pencil outlines in the corner, disposed round a block without a face. The last, however, appealed to the girl's professional instincts.

But "Well that's a rum head-dress!" was the most poetical comment on the sketch, which Anne was in case to offer; "I could make it, I am sure, with a few pearl beads, and some of that gold wire from the Bookey;" and with the bit of paper treasured up within her shabby frock, the poor tired creature fell back upon the bed, and murmuring something about "German pearl beads," and "Ostend gold wire," had hardly sunk into a feverish sleep when the almoner of Millis arrived, and Griffley, for once, began to think that all rich folks were not "as sharp as knives, as hard as mill-stones, and as false as crocodiles."

CHAPTER IX.

Thus goes the world!—But the world also comes back; particularly the world that travels on the continent—and especially about the time when the "season" begins anew. That nobody is ever found in London, is a truth which debtors, jealous husbands, and suspicious personages generally, cannot too profoundly study; but that nobody is ever lost to London, is a truth of yet wider application. Pilgrims go up in balloons, or round the world, or among the Andes, or away to Norfolk Island; but do not therefore dream that you have seen your last of them in Pall Mall. There is not one, but a whole tribe of Wandering Jews "about town"—of persons who never look a day older; but who sit on the same chair, and who tie the same shoe, and who wear the same dress, (a smile being a part of it,) and who patronize the same balls, and who are

Ever charming, ever new,

as Dyer sings in "Grongar Hill." Talk of the variety of a life of pleasure! The monotony you should talk of rather; a monotony as oppressive as the monotony of a monastery—at least to those who find that perpetual sound and perpetual stillness have a tendency to produce very nearly one and the same physical effects.

Something like the spirit of these truths (old as Cowley's praise of

The Plebeian underwood,
Where the Poetic Birds rejoice.)

occurred to Lady Jane, while, fresh from the hands of Isidore, who had indeed made a marvel of her head, she ascended the staircase to a German Hospital Costume Ball, held at Willis' rooms—the admired of all admirers, and as essentially dressed

out to assist in attracting an audience, as (don't be shocked) the most haggard and rouged and tinselled She who serves as "bush" outside the booth at the fair, to acquaint the sight-loving world that "UNPARAGONED TUMBLING" is about to be vouchsafed within.

How very weary was poor Lady Jane! Did she not—albeit still young—know by heart every word that she was to hear, every topic that would be discussed? It proved so—and thus the gossip ran. The opera—whether the Angioletta would come back or not; and the exquisite simplicity with which she had doubled her demands on the manager; clenched by credulous friends with "*I give you my word she knows no more of the value of money than a child!*" The chances of the Lucciola's reëngagement—not that anybody cared for dancing now—but because, and because, and because—. Next in order among topics came "the tedious sire of seventy years gone home." "Sir Eustace May dead at last, you said!—Rheumatism—we heard tie. Why, then, the colonel—I beg his pardon, Sir Seward May now—will be back again at once, of course. Does any one know what he comes into?—whether anything?"

Some one had heard that the old baronet, in disgust at his son's perfumer's bill, had cut the latter off with a smelling bottle—*some one*, by the way, has always a like story ready.

Next were discussed such political matters as bear upon balls; movements among the ambassadors—disgraces, promotions, exchanges. It was surprising how much could be made of such facts as "the Sliptons here, the Sydneys there;" and "how the prince of So-and-so Siegwartshafen," said some one again, "had been very much struck with Madame Sydney. By the way, are they here?—of course to-night."

Lady Jane caught herself listening to this rumor with rather more animation.

"Here? who? the Sydneys? No; the prince—the Sydneys may be in Seinde for aught I know. Here he comes; of course, to pay his compliments to Lady Jane. Who is that ugly shadow at his heels?"

Of course a German prince at a German Hospital ball has an important part to play (let me say *act*, for that the Germans never *play*, is now pretty generally found out.) But his High Transparency of Siegwartshafen was not one of the worst actors of his order, neither the most pedantic of the æsthetic High Transparencies of his country. His compliment to Lady Jane on the remarkable becomingness and exactness of the costume of Philippina Weiler, which she wore, was of merciful dimensions. "The Professor von Gartenbach, (he begged leave to introduce his friend the professor to Lady Jane,) who was an authority on such matters, could tell her far better than he could how strikingly accurate was her manifestation. As to himself, however exquisitely bewitching he might find the costume, he really must admire in preference," &c. &c.

Lady Jane did not hear the rest of the courtly *fadeise*. That ugly shadow at the prince's heels had fixed a pair of saucer eyes upon her; and let those who could get the better of them. It was impossible that Lady Jane could really do such a thing, but *she felt* as if she had absolutely turned red.

Scarlet or snow-white, however, Lady Jane's complexion seemed of no little consequence to the two eyes of Professor von Gartenbach. They stared

on without ceasing; till at last, in hopes of breaking the spell, the Beauty, like many another beauty reduced to common-place when compelled to speak, could do nothing better than ask their owner how he liked England.

"O, England is no strangehood wiz me," was the fervent answer. "I been here, last his season, and this is peculiar. I was drawing the picture which has reduced me his prince's protectionship, just as you are dressed, the head especial. That is *sonder*-full!"

Somehow, the professor's bad English was fresher than the prince's perfect speech with its very slight foreign accent. And as patriotic duty called away his highness to repeat his compliments with a very few variations to Lady Maud and to Lady Thomasina, and to ten more so-called beauties at the least, it fell out that the painter with his curious dialect, and his yet more curious eyes, was left on Lady Jane's hands; and that safe in her position, and secure, too, in his middle age and his ugliness, the Beauty asked him to sit beside her;—a piece of temerity, had she known what she was about—in times, too, when the "sympathies" (to speak lightly of the mesmeric powers) are so unmistakably getting the upper hand.

Yet such knowledge might not have prevented the invitation; for Lady Jane was in the humor of humors for trying experiments. Certain it is, that, on returning home that night, the Beauty, for a wonder, would have been ready to unite with the newest damsel of the party, who had been gratified with "the partner of partners" from eleven o'clock, p. m. till six in the morning, or thereabouts—in declaring that the German Hospital ball "had really gone off with great spirit!"

Had she, for the first time in her life, found a sensation—had she hit upon the rarity for which she had been so long craving? Had a new variety of the Tobacco-Rose (no far-fetched simile when one of our cousins-German is concerned) at last, and, indeed, blown for her?—Had she met a man whose conceit in his own ugliness and pedantry—not in his genius—was so mighty as to leave him with hardly a civil word to spare for her bright eyes, or a civil thought for her broad acres? Had his prosing been more relishing than all the poetizing she was used to hear from the race of younger brothers? than all the pompous praise of their elders? than all the too lively, too ready, too scandalous wit of the diners-out, who cared nothing for the heiress—because they knew they could n't get her?

Yet the professor's prosing was not just the adust common-sensible prosing of an English person. None less than Lady Jane could abide Mr. Dull-weather, the great parliamentary debater; none less than herself could endure Sir Barton Bone, whose numismatic knowledge had carried him from court to court, from academy to academy, from dinner to dinner across Europe. She had been used to make her escape (or to sleep with her eyes open, as I have heard her accused of doing) when certain elderly lords of the bed-chamber began to unlade their ancient wallets of civil court anecdote. The German's prosing had been like none of theirs. Do not think that Lady Jane was a fool—ye who are clear of the mania for his countrymen and their works which was just then at its strongest among our countrywomen—because she really thought the professor profound, philosophical, and poetical. Those people have a wonderful way with them of making every subject resemble poor Galt's portrait

of Lord Byron, which was a mystery crowned with a "halo clad with a winding sheet"—and this many have admired.

Way or no way, however, 't is a fact—howsoever incredible it will be found by club-men, omnibus-box-men, Almack's-men, four-in-hand-men, &c. &c.—that Lady Jane dreamed of the professor. His voice was not out of her ears all the night. When she waked up in the morning, there it was again, and in no echo, and in no dream. To the consternation of her household—to the blind, deaf and dumb amazement of Mrs. De La Rive, Lady Jane's *chaperon*—there he was at breakfast—in *propria persona*—and not so much forty feeding like one, as one feeding like forty—calling the meal "a tea dinner," doing honor to the cold meat accordingly—and absolutely—after the fashion of the impudent American immortalized by Mr. Willis, who went to Hampstead, and rang for a bottle of champagne before he was properly introduced to the young ladies of the house—asking for Rhine-wine or claret, or some other drinkable, more furious than tea or coffee, which he said "had not his concurrence."

Whether Lady Jane or the professor had invited the professor to breakfast with Lady Jane was never known.

After all, the German proved worldly-wise in his way—knew how to choose his topics. He did not admire Mrs. Sydney.

"She is what you call fickle," said he; "she goes to balls at the Residenz covered with flour."

"With flour?" interposed Lady Jane's *chaperon*.

"Ze rose—Mrs. Sydney is never dressed too much, and she dances till her husband goes to sleep. Ah! zat is no handsome marriage. The bridegroom shall not respect his bride already—. You admired Mr. Sydney, Lady Jane!—You will excuse my English—I mean how he admires you, still!"

"Indeed!" was Lady Jane's cold answer, with a curl of the lip.

"Ah! beautiful!—beautiful!" was the artist's unblushing comment; "a face that speaks! and when a face speaks the heart is not behind. With permission is it I shall make a portrait of the Honorable her Lady Jane?"

Our Beauty laughed—blushed—yes, absolutely blushed; was embarrassed how to shape her answer. She was not worth drawing—but it was not worth refusing.

Then it was to be a picture in costume—in the costume which Lady Jane had worn at the ball!

"My dear," whispered Lady Jane's *chaperon*, for once, and perhaps for the only time in her humble life, independent and imprudent, "think what you are bringing on yourself. The man can't paint—I see it in his face—and he will never have done if he once begins. Look at him dawdling there over his egg. Shall I say 'no' for you?"

"My dear," whispered Lady Jane, (who was a lady even to her *chaperon*.) "it is not your portrait that he wishes to paint!—Herr Professor, I am entirely at your disposal."

"What a blessing," said Mrs. De La Rive to herself, "that the being does not understand English! If such a speech had been made, even in a charade, to that Sir Seward May"—; and the *chaperon* reposed upon her *if*, and upon Herr Von Gartenbach's slowness, stupidity and bad English. How little could she dream that hers was repose on the edge of a cataract!

CHAPTER X.

WHEN I said that people came back to London as they left it, it was like Mrs. Spangleton when she spoke of that family event, her dear daughter's elopement, "with excuses." Sir Seward May came back—but not quite the same man as the colonel, who had haunted heiresses, and who had bought bouquets for which he could not pay. Exile—"drinking foreign wine," as he himself put it—had wrought some change in Lady Jane's lover. Whatever might be the cause, certain it is that when he thought of the fat acres and the fine old trees swallowed up (never to be disgorged) by Mr. Hosey's capacious maw, an idea began to dawn upon Sir Seward's mind, that since money was sometimes necessary, such strange things might come to pass as colonels only buying what they could pay for. He began to attempt recollecting old songs which he had heard in his boyhood about "wild oats," and to think it was time he should make up his last bouquet of these, without troubling Madame Adrienne. He had now enough to live upon. *Becky Sharp's* immortal soliloquy in the country-house has told us how closely united are respectability and competence.

Mixed with these new views, however, were still a dream or two, especially when he looked in the glass. Whether Lady Jane had changed her mind about wearing flowers, or otherwise, came as a natural speculation as he slowly passed the casino in Green street, where she resided. She was obviously in town. Life was in the house; the balconies, as formerly, were richly filled and fitted out with greenhouse treasures; and the well-known barouche, with its attendant giants, was drawing up to the door. Sir Seward would just pay his compliments, for one moment—there and then.

Never, in all the hey-day or May-day of his fashion, brilliancy, and "shocking reputation" as Colonel May, had Sir Seward been so well received by the Beauty. She was positively cordial.

Ah! our man of experience felt in an instant that he was too well received!—that this very ease, this charming welcome, this perfect frankness, bespoke not only an indifference to his coming and going, but also testified to the presence of new sensations so delicious as to give their owner courtesy enough and to spare for all mankind besides one. "She was delighted," said Lady Jane, (and there was no grimace in the matter,) "to see him looking so well. Mrs. De La Rive had been talking about him that very morning. Had he not been at Munich? How she envied him! She had a great wish herself to go to Munich! The Sydneys (did Sir Seward recollect the Sydneys?) had been so much struck with Munich."

Sir Seward did recollect Mr. Sydney. Who was Lady Jane going to talk about next? "He was detaining her from her drive!"

"Not at all," was Lady Jane's unembarrassed answer. "They are not ready yet. Pray stay. Perhaps you will go with us, and tell me how you liked Munich. I have been hearing so much about its *frescoes* lately. This (leading the way to a table) is by one of the first artists of the Munich school of art. I hope you like it."

"One of the first artists!" was Sir Seward's involuntary reply. "I hope that no one has been imposing upon you, Lady Jane. To me it looks like rather a bad copy of"—and the baronet suddenly paused, for he perceived that "This"—a drawing of a lady—was a portrait of Lady Jane, in a fantastic costume. The dress was medieval,

and particularly remarkable for a coil of pearls, such as, if worn by any one save Lady Jane, would have looked stiffly hideous; and the colonel said that it was so with some emphasis.

"Why, then," was Lady Jane's good-natured answer, "as you don't seem to like it, I am glad you did not see me at the German Hospital ball, for I really wore that very dress. It is from an old picture of Philippina Weiler, of Augsburg; and I believe that I took a perverse fancy to it, because the getting of it up gave me such trouble. We had to go ourselves twice to a common masquerade warehouse before we could find any one who could pretend to make anything in the least like it. There was only one girl (but she has a real genius) who could take an idea, or work it out. However, I did manage it at last. The professor knew it at once, and said I was the very original of it, which is at Nymphenburg."

"The professor?"

"Professor von Gartenbach, a very dear friend of ours," was Lady Jane's frank reply.

Something disparaging about German hospital balls, Munich art, and German professors in general, was very near Sir Seward's lips. But he had not reformed to the point of indulging himself in spite and bitterness; so he contented himself by not admiring the drawing, in silence—and perhaps it was as well. For the door suddenly opened, and a more sudden "*Ah! Victor!*" from Lady Jane, completed the enlightenment of the returned prodigal.

The Beauty blushed, rallied, explained herself, by introducing "Professor von Gartenbach, her particular friend," to Colonel May. She was going that morning to show him a fancy fair out of town, as one of the sights of the season peculiar to London; and there was a place in the barouche for Sir Seward, if he would go too.

"Go not!" whispered mortified pride. "Go!" said better judgment, "and take an observation of this *Victor*. Perhaps, after all, he may not be the conqueror."

"Ah, you always want a flower, I recollect, Sir Seward," said the Beauty, observing his irresolute look. "Here, you will like this heath. The poor girl brought it me who made my head-dress. It is rather pretty, I think. Do you not remember" (turning to the professor) "that sallow, sullen Miss Griffley—how much countenance we thought she had the day she came here to talk to us about the coil? You lodged in the same house once, you said—and you were to make a sketch of that look of hers for me, and call it a *Bourgeois tragedy*!"

Well might Lady Jane recollect the expression of that face! Poor Annes have their dreams sometimes as well as Lady Janes; and our poor Anne had her lamp and the treasured litter in her closet to remind her of *her* dream. And her old fellow-lodger (whom an artist's chances had transformed from a garreteer into the right-hand man of an æsthetic prince) spoke so coldly to her, and asked her whether they were still "in the old same pauperly." She forgot how rudely she had received his lamp. Poor Anne!—that hour in Park Lane was for her that moment which with Lady Jane passed over our Bouquet when the Beauty heard of Mr. Sydney's marriage.

"I not draw such stupid things. I am not one of your housekeeping English painters," was the professor's complimentary answer.

"Well, what you please; you men of genius

always choose the best for yourselves. But here's Mrs. De La Rive, at last—will you give her your arm, Sir Seward. Come, Victor."

Sir Seward was a practised man; but he absolutely *shook* with amazement. Not that Lady Jane should be in love with somebody besides himself, but at the manner of man whom she had chosen. Shy, awkwardly-behaved, spectacled, and tedious; by no means, it seemed, alive to Lady Jane's condescension, or aware of his wondrous fortune; the oldest experience of "woman's fantasy" must have given way before such a contrast as was presented by the German painter and the English beauty. Sir Seward even thought the wretch had a temper; that he, more than once, answered his mistress (when, at last, her railery reached him) crabbedly; and this to one who had walked, as it were, on cloth of gold and eider-down! Why, it was the very monotony of that glare and smoothness, which had given a charm to the uncouth admiration of the artist. While Lady Jane had sat to him for her picture, full under the pressure of those dreamy saucer-eyes, he had not asked her to talk as was customary on such occasions, (for how often had Lady Jane sat, and been indirectly requested to be in spirits!) he had talked to her. He had instructed her about England, had entirely made her discontented with the want of artistic life and inner meaning in the arrangement of her house—had gone through the known round of misty rhapsodies about Faust and Hoffmann's tales, and Jean Paul; topics as new to Lady Jane as if there were not a German book in London. Like all women to whom they are new, the listener was marvellously seduced by the world he opened to her. In short—why linger over the tale!—partly from *ennui*, partly from an ill-understood ambition and admiration for genius, partly from *pique*, and partly out of contradiction, Lady Jane, to the utter crazing of Belgravia, had absolutely resolved to commit her happiness to this man, who had nothing to settle upon her save his pallet and his garrets—full of ugly pictures; and, what was stranger, declared herself never to have been so happy in her life.

"Lady Jane has always been wishing for misfortunes," said an old dry family friend of the world, when the astounding tidings were, at last, given out, "and now she will have her wish. The man will rule her with a rod of iron—lecture her—bore her to death—beat her!"

"Well," said another of the *Lady Grundys*, to whom such a mis-marriage is a God-send by way of a topic, "that will just suit her, and develop her fine qualities—Lady Jane had always a fancy to marry beneath herself; and, you know, I was sure that she was a blue!"

"But here's Sir Seward May back again," said a third voice; "you will see that he will soon put an end to the affair! As if he would permit Lady Jane to fling herself away in that outrageous manner!"

CHAPTER XI.

FROM what has been told it will be readily gathered that few sights have been more acceptable to the world in general, than the Beauty's arrival at the fancy fair, accompanied by the two gentlemen. There were even persons inexperienced enough to hope for a scene on the occasion, and who, therefore, loitered in sight of the four. A whispered "*Here they come!*" in the ear of the prettiest among the shop-keepers, made that damsel turn

red with expectation, to a degree which would have been shockingly vulgar in any one properly brought up.

But Priscilla Lawe—for it was the daughter of Millis, and no one else—was in the habit of “blushing for herself” (as some one has said) without asking leave, or choosing the fashionable time or topic. Lady Jane had been at her mother’s house. During the Angioletta’s cultivation of virtue, the opera-star had begged to hear one of the Quakeress’ readings; and the beauty, always glad of an excuse to go to odd places, had taken her there. Priscilla trusted that she was not forgotten, but she was too young and sprightly “to trust in trust.” So forth stepped the maiden with that astounding freedom which gentlewomen are apt to show on like occasions.

“O, Lady Jane! I am quite gratified to see thee at my stall. What shall I tempt thee with? Work-bags, screens—there’s a *sachet* worked by the Queen of the Belgians—or slippers. Let me induce thee with a pair quilted with eider-down, mamma’s own making—we don’t show them to every one.” “If thee have finished thy purchases,” (this exhortation was addressed to a person in a plain straw bonnet and quiet shawl,) “thee will oblige by not dwelling.”

The lady, however, whose absence was invited, in order that more room might be made for Lady Jane, still lingered for a moment; and, had she been worth watching, a little start of pleasure on her part might have been detected, when a particularly German voice was heard to say—

“*Das ist* a noticeable flower drawing, of a tasteful disposal.”

“O, Professor!” replied the fluent Priscilla, “I was almost hoping that thee would not look at our poor little works of art. But this is by our first flower-painteress; botanically correct thee sees. Only twenty guineas!”

“I must secure it,” cried the Beauty. “’T is charming! Victor, you have got my purse. Sir Seward, will you take it for a moment!”

“Why, my own bouquet, by everything that is comical!” exclaimed Madame Adrienne’s client.

“*Yours!*” was the mechanical reply of Lady Jane, from whose mind every trace of the transaction had passed. “No, it is mine; I spoke first, and I will keep it.”

“This little contest is most interesting,” cried Priscilla, turning to Sir Seward. “Thee recognizes the original! Then, perhaps, thee can throw light upon this *Erica*. Because many have seen the drawing, yet none can name the variety. The painter, we expect, has altered the tint for the effect of color.”

Miss Hayward, only too happy to listen while her two charges were finishing their bargain, was on the point of stepping forward to defend her accuracy, when her trouble was spared. “May I examine the specimen thee art wearing!” continued Priscilla, approaching Sir Seward. “It is like—it is the very same. This is more interesting than ever. How didst thou procure it, Sir Seward, may I ask?”

Our hero was as little able to tell, as our heroine had been able to remember her bouquet. For, in truth, he was now rather absorbed in contemplating the very fresh and glowing flower before him. The friend of Millis, Lady Maria, had not gone beyond the truth in describing fancy fairs as too “conspicuous places for young women.” And if, instead of a black lace ruffle, you dress up a blos-

som in a dainty frill and frame of the daintiest of India muslins, white “as driven snow,” with a kerchief that it takes an hour to plait, and within the kerchief a tucker, such as the fingers of a fairy might have arranged, the blossom must make up its mind to be stared at—even when a Lady Jane in full blow is in presence—by such a bouquet-fancier as Sir Seward. But the manner in which he detached the heath from his button-hole, and proffered it to the daughter of Millis, did his grace small credit. “Some have said” (as she herself would have phrased it) “that he blushed”—one of the two times he was ever seen to blush. The other time he had done so on purpose to put down the rouge story. “He could not tell her about the heath, but would find out, certainly—inmediately, and let the young lady know.”

“And what shall I sell *thee*, Sir Seward?” proceeded the maiden. “A lock of the Angioletta’s hair, and her autograph! We begged them of her on purpose, the day she came to mamma’s reading. Just the thing for thee!”

“Hardly worth paying for,” was Sir Seward’s coxcombical answer, accompanied with a smile that puzzled Priscilla, whose stock of repartee was not a very extensive one. “’T is so hideous—the precise color of thatch; and I don’t believe that half that she wears is her own.”

“Well, if thou art so critical, Sir Seward, I am afraid I have nothing that will suit thee;”—and with a little touch of conscious prudery, that harmonized with herself and attire most fatally, the gay Quaker maiden tripped back behind her counter, and was in a second as busy in pressing some new Berlin work on three rheumatic and evangelical dowagers as if the most talked-of man about town had not been wanting to look at her, and to listen to more of her strange dialect.

“You and I, fair Friend,” said Sir Seward to himself as he turned away, almost bending Miss Hayward’s drawing double, “must be better acquainted, and if—And so my Lady Jane and her Victor have absolutely not thought me worth waiting for. Cool, I must say! What beasts those Germans are!”

Through what channel Priscilla, two days after the fancy fair, received a specimen of the curious *Erica*, with its botanical name, genus, and species, engrossed on a card demurely tied with a dove-colored ribbon to the white porcelain vase in which it was planted, is among those secrets betwixt Madame Adrienne and Sir Seward May, regarding which the world must never be the wiser.

How the baronet shortly afterwards thought that it might be as well for his health for him to take a lodging down a lane hard by Tottenham, must be also just mentioned; though none of the set belonging to Stonehenge house, male or female, had the slightest idea of such a “fashionable movement” on his part, being convinced that he was in hot pursuit of Lady Oriana Stowe—a conviction which I have always believed that the Lady Oriana’s friends originated.

How the prim urchin, a young Friend in the bud, who had heretofore been used to drive Priscilla Lawe’s pony-chaise, was excused from much attendance on her just then—and how a young lady in a sweet simple straw bonnet, driving herself, might now and then be seen issuing from the gates of that mansion of peace, Briar Hedge—are also events of the period—noted and put together by no one, though naturally bringing the reader to the last of the vehicles which he will be requested to

enter in following out the adventures and influences of Lady Jane's Bouquet.

It is doubtful whether a more bewildering pleasure or comfort exists than a ride in an omnibus on a drenching spring evening, when the glasses must needs be up, when the air is stifling and the rattle deafening, and the company more crowded than considerate. Neither Griffley nor his daughter were, in breadth or length, above the regulation-gauge of inside passengers; but the latter, as a thriving person should, had now a coarse osier bird-cage lined with oil-skin, to take care of as well as herself; and somewhat irate grew she when a female voice spoke up from a dark corner, denouncing the intrusion of the bird-cage as undesirable, and mentioning that "it had given her quite a push in passing."

"Well, I'm sure! and I wonder what folks are made of that are above being pushed!" was Anne's sharp retort, as she thrust herself onward into the depths of the vehicle. "People as are so nice have no business out of their own carriages."

"Come, drop that, Anne," broke in Griffley, wedging himself decisively down upon the seat betwixt his daughter and the stranger who had objected to the package. "I should like to know whether you'd hold forth so if Mrs. Lawe was alongside of you. She has no notion of your lifting up your voice that way."

"Well, and if she has n't, no more has Madame Lucciola; how some folks can use their arms when they are in a rage! But Mrs. Lawe is a good woman, and that's more than she would say of the other."

"Only because madam goes about a-dancing instead of going about a-Quakering," rejoined the father. "It's all in the bringing up; and madam remembers a good turn as long and as strong as any of your Mrs. Lawes. There's many a one forgets it when it's done. I hope there's no rain got to them Spanish hats. Are you ill, Miss, that you shake so?"

His left-hand neighbor assured him that she was not ill—only rather cold; but there was something in her voice that made the rough fellow tread on his daughter's toe, and begin again. "Are you going far, pray, Miss?"

"Yes—no—I am expecting to be met," was the answer; the last clause being firmer. Then a veil was adjusted, so as totally to preclude the possibility of an observation being taken. Griffley, however, was no novice; his neighbor was not a lady, and yet she was too fine for a lady's maid—what could it mean?

Griffley's neighbor, however, had no intention that either he or any one else should discover her meaning; and it is surprising, as every one who has been to a masquerade will bear me out in asserting, how a woman, bent upon mystification, can keep her secret if she will only hold her tongue. From that moment, during the three quarters of an hour, with every possible stoppage, which elapsed—it mattered not who pushed or who tried to impose—whether it was the dog-fancier, with arms full of stolen goods, who all but sat in her lap—whether it was the imminent peril of a collision, or the impending possibility of a break-down—there sat the female, secure behind the screen of her poke bonnet and her double blue gauze veil, to be moved by no further question or remark into the slightest possible demonstration. Pins by the score might have been run into Priscilla Lawe,

and she would not have emitted the smallest squeak of uneasiness.

Curiosity, too, will "drop off" after a time, when not animated by any peculiar personal interest; and father and daughter, who seemed unable to keep silence, began presently to discuss other topics—to be offensive and defensive in the matter of the dog-fancier, and critical on a face which was suddenly revealed by the lighting up of a lamp as they rattled nearer to Charing-Cross. Griffley noticed it, because it reminded him of the German up stairs—Herr Kauffmann he meant, with his ugly face.

"Well, if I was growing as blind as a beetle," was Anne's angry retort. "I'd oblige the public, and announce it by particular desire. Ugly! Who calls him ugly now—the great gentleman that's going to marry Lady Jane, and is made a baron of, too?"

"Those refugees creep in everywhere," was Griffley's mournful and philosophical retort. "Catch an Englishman living up in a three-pair back, marrying a German princess.—No, no; they know better abroad, and so they come here to do it! Madam's the only one of them foreigners who has any decency or gratitude."

And with that the two began to discuss Madame Lucciola's provincial tour—to talk about the duties of her attendant, half servant, half secretary—to settle what was to become of Anne when Griffley was out of town—with party-theses about the Angioletta, and the anecdote how Griffley had caught her, early in the morning, in a cottage bonnet, buying a bargain of bouquets a day old, at Madame Adrienne's door. "That's what all of 'em come to the second season!" was Griffley's comment. "Flinging flowers at themselves. That's what they all end in, sooner or later; and, mayhap, if they can keep on their legs, then the public comes round to 'em again by their third year. The public always comes round to those who can keep on their legs.—Hollo!"

Griffley's moralizing was pulled up by yet another stoppage, and modulated into an extra gruff, "What's the good of pulling up every two seconds? Here's not room for a fly!"

A face presented itself at the door, and a very genteel voice asked, if a young person from Tottenham—from Mrs. Lawe's—was in the omnibus.

Up rose the mute maiden, and threaded her way amid the knees, and packages, and steaming plaid cloaks, with a wonderful dexterity and neatness, which rekindled Griffley's curiosity. At the same spot, too, it was found convenient for himself and Anne to alight, so that they distinctly recognized the countenance of Griffley's favorite antipathy, Sir Seward May, and distinctly heard his exclamation of sudden amazement—"Priscilla! You yourself!—I did not expect this!"

"Why, Sir Seward," was the answer, tolerably explicit for a situation so confusing, "when I said that a young person should tell thee where thou mightest find me, I contemplated myself—having an objection to confidences with servants."

"So prudent to every one else, so confiding in me!" flashed across the gentleman's mind, to the marvellous comfort of his vanity, and the encouragement of all manner of good resolutions.

"And you were really not afraid to come to meet me alone, and in an omnibus?"

"Afraid!" was Priscilla's reply, in a tone of assured simplicity, with still a touch of coquettish

and conscious power. "No, Sir Seward, once having decided to join thee, I had no further fear for myself. I trust thee will give me no cause to repent my step."

Now, since every damsel, be she even as direct and unworldly as Priscilla Lawe herself, has by heart the protestations which answered her straightforward appeal, there is no need to set them down. The effect of her mixture of frankness and shyness—of her utter ignorance of this world's ways with her pretty eagerness after its "pumps and vanities"—upon Sir Seward, is less hackneyed. He really believed—by this time he was quite sure—that had they been thrown together, without any knowledge on his part of the hundred thousand pounds which belonged to Priscilla, he must have tempted her, as now, to "leap the hedge," and elope with him, let the yearly meeting groan as it would!

And never went on elopement with so discreet a modesty. Priscilla was, after all, an excellent creature; and who knows but that her escape from Briar Hedge may have been ascribable as much to home influences as to the temptations of one of the most charming men in being! With all the experience of wandering thoughts and vain imaginations gained by Millis, her mother—that good lady had forgotten that there is no teaching to anybody else one's own little reserves and compositions of conscience; and that, let once the existence of such inconsistencies be perceived, the pupil is hardly to be blamed if she sets up inventions of her own beyond the pale of the propounded pattern. Nevertheless, our Quaker heiress, who was as shrewd as she was romantic, had certain inward convictions which made her easy as regards that part of the business which has generally the greatest terrors for run-aways. When Sir Seward closed some very animated picture of their future happiness and gaiety by a slightly interrogative, "And your mother?" light was the tone of the damsel as she replied, "Thee wilt see. I have no very painful solicitude on the subject of mamma."

CHAPTER XII.

BUT there are as many ways of taking as of making an elopement. A shower-bath in private may be borne with decent fortitude, but how few are there who are equal to the proper reception of a shock in public! It could hardly have been predicated that Millis, the mother of the new Lady May, would have been one of those few.

It was a Tuesday evening; one of her "readings," which, out of casual occurrence, had grown into a sort of weekly observance. The good woman would have been greatly distressed, had it been told to her, that she was as much expected to *perform*, by those who thronged to Briar Hedge, as the Angioletta or La Lucciola. Yet it was so.

In all like cases, too, it is remarkable how the scene, by gentle progression, comes into harmony with the performers. The character, and concord, and influence of inanimate objects could nowhere be more clearly felt than in Millis Lawe's drawing-room. No Duppa nor Parnell, no Macready, when managing a "back-ground" for his tragic passion, could have devised any scenery which could have been more perfect in its effect than that which had by chance come together. Sweeping draperies of the coolest stone-colored cloth, and the most spotlessly-white muslin—open book-cases filled with books having that real time embrowned look which

a library in use assumes—windows commanding a lawn garnished with gorgeous shrubs, and bannered by trees now in their fullest leafage—doors that opened away into dim parlors and ante-chambers—a few snow-white castles and vases brimming with the rarest flowers—do not make up much of a picture for a *Jachimo* to catalogue or a Dickens to describe. Yet I defy any one to have been indifferent to the quietness, comfort, purity, and exquisite neatness of the place; least of all a person like Lady Jane, worn out with glare, and show, and crowd, or a sentimentalist like him she had chosen, (your Germans are all sentimentalists,) who could not even look at a tea-pot without speculating on its significance, and upon that "inner life" which Hood has so facetiously demonstrated to mean "*sloc*-poison."

It was as imperative that Baron Von Gartenbach should enjoy a "reading" at Briar Hedge, as that he should see the Tunnel, or the Long Walk at Windsor, or Bedlam. It had been made known to Millis that the two, with whose odd engagement May Fair was ringing, would be there on that especial Tuesday. Of course, she did not wait for them; but her "reading" chanced that evening to begin later than usual; and, while the book was being looked for, and before Priscilla came down, the excellent lady was receiving the comments of one or two of her valuable friends, (amongst others, the dowager with the active chin,) on the matter. "Everybody knew how fantastic Lady Jane had always been, from a little child—how that she had declined that excellent nobleman, Lord Dronington of Dronington, and shrunk from the field of usefulness which their combined fortunes would have opened;"—how that "the Germans were, without exception, persons of loose morality, distasteful habits, and sceptical philosophy; how that the prince's man of taste had been accepted, whereas the prince himself had wooed in vain—merely out of a girlish bravado;"—how that "the step was already repeated of," and "the misfortunes which would most surely attend a proceeding in every respect so rash and unadvised;"—all these things, I say, were as confidently laid down, through the medium of a phraseology which I decline to repeat, as though the gossips of Millis had been so many Popes Joan—and until the Quaker lady found it seasonable to "express a wish that some would keep close to charity. I have always found," she continued, "an attractive openness in Lady Jane; and, with regard to the young man, before he has had the opportunities of more favored persons, it might appear hard to visit his being a foreigner severely."

"Visit!" was the comment of one of the circle, who, being deaf, took what she could get, and left the rest—"I, for one, will not visit them! These are not times when any encouragement is to be given to those who break down our landmarks, as dear Lord Dronington says. Put your own Priscilla in Lady Jane's place, Mrs. Lawe. Let her make so unsuitable a match! Why, you would not visit her yourself, though you are her mother!"

"Thee comes close for an example, Antonia Sharples," was the placid reply of Millis, accompanied with as placid a smile. "I have little apprehension—Anne Hayward, wilt thee be kind enough to step up to my daughter's room, and tell her we are ready to read!" The person sent was none but our friend the flower-paintress, who, having fallen into delicate health, had been invited

to pass the summer at Briar Hedge, and to give Priscilla a little assistance in her botanical pursuits.

The company now began to seat itself. A shaded lamp, rendered necessary by the gloom of that stormy spring evening, was brought in. Voices dropped in silence; even the voice from above the chin always to be heard at church above the clerk's. Worldly announcements of style and title were as little the usage at Briar Hedge, as "*Not at homes*—". Thus, Lady Jane and her betrothed entered, without their styles and titles being duly declared.

Millis Lawe, however, had not so entirely set into her exposition, but that she could rise with a cordial "I am pleased to see thee, Lady Jane;" and offer a little friendly word, also, to the German professor. Then she re-seated herself—and looked towards the door for a moment. Miss Hayward reëntered without Priscilla, but with a note in her hand. Possibly Millis neither saw this, nor the perturbed visage of the bearer; for she said, quietly, "I expect dear Priscilla has one of her headaches this evening. They have been frequent lately, with flushings of the face. Thee wilt excuse her, Lady Jane." Then there was silence.

Now, whatever communication Miss Hayward had held in her hand, she had learned enough of the ways of Briar Hedge to know, that when the silence was once set in, Millis Lawe was, under no pretext, to be interrupted.

Those who have a curiosity to learn what next passed, are referred to Baron Von Gartenbach's

"London;

its

Inner and Outer Life,"

which, I am given to understand, is forthwith about to appear. Highflown and long-winded was the praise by him discharged upon the chanted discourse of Millis, when the meeting broke up—praise which led the dear, persuadable woman from thenceforth to speak of himself, and, by a permissible embrace, of Lady Jane also, as "*Two of us*." "The dear young man's mind," she was used to say, "had been sweetly impressed on that opportunity;" and one or two further notes of disparagement, uttered by Lady Maria of the chin, were cut short, by an admonition from Millis, which was so weighty as to preclude the repetition of the offence, Lady Maria being more remarkable for energy than patience.

Yet, O self-delusion! On that very Tuesday night of all nights, when Millis was so sure that "some were approaching an inward conviction," Lady Jane and the Baron—or, "Beauty and the Beast," as they had been politely named in May Fair—made direct haste from Briar Hedge to the Haymarket, that they might be in time for the Angioletta's Second Act; and the very bouquet, tenderly pressed upon the fair lady by Millis, was once more offered up on the shrine of the idol of the opera.

Little, however, recked its placid giver, whose attention was presently called to other matters.

"But, Mrs. Lawe—permit me!—But, Mrs. Lawe, pray, listen to me!" broke in, at last, the fluttered governess, after many vain efforts to interrupt the usual flow of Millis' defence of Lady Jane. "But, Mrs. Lawe, look here! Pray, read this! It was on Miss Lawe's table."

Deliberately the comely woman put on her glasses; deliberately broke the seal; deliberately perused the document from beginning to end. By

the almost convulsive workings of her features, her gossips must have been made aware that no common communication had been laid before her. But this was all. She shed no tear—uttered no cry; but, motioning off company or confidence, withdrew quietly to her own room, leaving the amazed friends of the house, and the governess, to make out amongst them, as best they could, that Priscilla had eloped.

It was not till the morning papers of the following day had blazoned the fact, that any man, woman, or child about the premises (that secluded mother excepted) had the remotest idea that the eloper was absolutely the Lucciola's old patron, and Lady Jane's humble servant, Sir Seward May. By the next day they were in a condition to speak of Mrs. Lawe's "divine resignation," under a stroke so utterly unforeseen!

It was further known to very few—so quietly did the most agitating matters pass at Briar Hedge—that, somewhere about midnight, the gratitude and spite of Griffley between them carried him out as far as Tottenham, to communicate his tidings, and to offer his services. But, to the amazement of every one, Millis declined interfering. "By her daughter's communication she learned that measures would be, then, too late; and she was averse to attracting observation."

Lady Jane may be forgiven (who had been too busy over her own affairs to notice the change which exile had wrought in her former suitor) for enjoying a little of the comfort of disdain on the occasion. "She had hardly expected that even *he* would make so unsuitable a match for money; but she had little doubt that the two would agree well enough! Miss Lawe was very pretty, and Sir Seward was not an ill-natured man, though frivolous—the last whom she could have chosen."

Lady Jane, for once, proved as good a prophetess as Millis herself, since, as might have been foreseen, Sir Seward and his lady get on wonderfully. Miss Hayward was invited to teach the willing bride the ways of the world, and nearly doubled her own little capital by painting her *bouquets*—for the originals of all of which, strange to say, Madame Adrienne got paid in ready money.

No one is quite sure how Lady Jane's marriage has turned out. Stonehenge House and its set will have it that the man is a brute, and poor Lady Jane a senseless victim, (all the more to be pitied for her unconsciousness,) because they are said to dine at three o'clock, which, of course, was the cause of their declining Lady Oriana Stowe's party to Richmond, given in honor of the Sydneys' return!—Lady Maria with the chin has more serious misgivings; she is afraid that the baron is deep in Strauss, and that he will draw Lady Jane after him, though, since, on being cross-questioned, she seems somehow to have confounded the Zurich rationalist with the delight of the waltzing Viennese, it may be predicated that her convictions on the point are not very decided. Sir Seward has found out (but Lady Oriana says that this is all affectation and magnanimity!) that there is something in *that* "von Gartenbach," and has encouraged the baron "to ride the great horse," which encouragement, the baron—not choosing to be distanced in any matter of concern great, or accomplishment small—has accepted. "Supposing," says Stonehenge House, "that the baron should break his neck, what then?"

And the Griffleys were taken as maid and secretary by the Lucciola, which has led scandalous people who love stage-gossip to declare that the dancer and Anne's father are privately married. The girl's possessions so multiplied with her prosperity, that the odd number of the tale left her by Mr. Sperrings was forgotten at the inn where I found it, and where I learned from the few dried fragments of blossoms betwixt its leaves, the story of the Beauty's Bouquet!

AND THE MORAL?

Why, it runs something in this wise:—

That even the most frivolous of toys cannot be wholly despicable, since Life's most momentous events may hang thereupon.

That since every class of human creatures hath its own peculiar flaw and besetting temptation, it is time lost and virtue spoilt for one to rail against another.

That none hath the monopoly of weariness, and none, God be thanked! of kindness.

THE PINE WOODS OF WESTERN LOUISIANA.—The steamboats on their up trips now always stop at the mouth of Red river for a supply of pine knots, with which to feed their hungry furnaces. It is but a few years since the business was commenced. The gentleman who discovered this new trade has led a chequered life. The inheritor of a large fortune, owing to an open-handed hospitality, and his great confidence in one who basely betrayed him, he found himself, when past the meridian of life, a ruined man. Taking the few negroes he saved from the wreck of his fortune, he plunged into the wild woods of Catahoula, and seated himself on the banks of the beautiful sheet of water known as Catahoula Lake. His negroes are employed in collecting the pine knots and cutting up the dead trees which are saturated with the pitch.* A little steamboat, able to float in every bayou where a duck can swim, carries off the piles to the depot at the mouth of Red river. The country abounds in game; in the winter the lake swarms with ducks, geese and swans, and the forest at all seasons is the home of the red deer.

For many months this "modern Timon" had this park all to himself, and has become the originator of a trade destined to be of importance on the Mississippi. The overflow of this year, however, has forced competition even in the pine woods of Catahoula. Many of the small planters have been driven to the hills, and have entered into this business as their last resort. Many of them will abandon the swamps and remain permanently in their new abodes, where they have health, pure air, spring water, and a certain crop, which has been for centuries maturing, and which neither frost nor drought, nor worm, nor overflow can injure. In a few months, vast magazines of this combustible material will be collected at all the steamboat landings on the lower river, and in time the pine woods will be as clean as a threshing floor. Here is one element of wealth which had never been developed. In the Florida parishes the people have for many years made use of the means around them, and a large population depends on this trade. But it is yet in its infancy in Western Louisiana.

But fuel is not the only product to be furnished. Through this immense region of pine, extending from the Ouachita to the Sabine, there is not a barrel of turpentine prepared for market, not a single tree cut for mast or spar. Now, however, that the enterprising men of small capital are driven from the swamps into the pine woods, they will not content themselves simply with getting out steamboat

wood. They will enter into the turpentine business. For many years it has been carried on with success in Eastern Louisiana; why should not the western forests also pay a tribute? Deplorable as are the consequences of the overflow for the moment, yet the time will soon come when it will be considered of signal service to the state, and be another proof that misfortunes are but blessings in disguise.

The swamp lands require large gangs and extensive capital to work them profitably—their culture will necessarily be left to men of fortune, while the pine woods offer many advantages to men of industry and small means. In Georgia and Florida and Alabama the producing of turpentine in its crude state, and its manufacture into spirits is becoming an extensive and profitable business. Why should not Western Louisiana turn to account the immense regions now entirely unproductive?—N. O. Crescent.

MR. JOSEPH PAXTON, the well-known gardener to the Duke of Devonshire, is among the competitors offering designs for the building to contain the Exposition of 1851, and he has circulated a wood-cut of his design—a parallelogram, long and tall. It would be formed of an iron framework, with glass pannels; and it is calculated that, after use, no materials would retain so large a proportion of their original cost. The building would be comparatively inexpensive, light in both senses, handsome, suited to the garden-like park, and probably Mr. Paxton took his ideas from garden structures; above all it would be novel. We can fancy it, light, gay, and glittering, like a palace in a fairy tale—certainly an object such as Londoners have never seen.

From the Ladies' Companion.

SONNET.

To wait and wait, whilst every lingering hour
Hath its distinct dull penance of annoy;
To feel that time hath a corroding power,
That withers up the sinews of young joy,
That kills sick hopes, and treads them into dust;
To know that silence, solitude, and night,
Once gentle friends, now enemies unjust,
With marble looks, turned lowering from the
light,
(Like nurses ministering poison to the sick,)
Destroy the life they fed. To hear the wind,
And sigh to have its wings, and thus to trick
Wide space and cruel distance—this refined,
This earnest torture, thou its name wouldst know?
'Tis absence. Canst thou love and question so?

* Professor Lyell, in his travels in the United States, mentions the stumps of pines in Georgia, standing on the stage routes, which indicated a growth of 320 years.

From the New York Evening Post.

Rural Hours; by a Lady. George P. Putnam.

THIS is one of the most delightful books we have lately taken up. It is a journal of daily observations made by an intelligent and highly educated lady, residing in a most beautiful part of the country, commencing with the spring of 1848, and closing with the end of the winter of 1849. They almost wholly concern the occupations and objects of country life, and it is almost enough to make one in love with such a life to read its history, so charmingly related. Every day has its little record in this volume—the record of some rural employment, some note on the climate, some observation in natural history, or occasionally some trait of rural manners. The arrival and departure of the birds of passage is chronicled, the different stages of vegetation are noted, atmospheric changes and phenomena are described, and the various living inhabitants of the field and forest are made to furnish matter of entertainment for the reader. All this is done with great variety and exactness of knowledge, and without any parade of science. Descriptions of rural holidays and rural amusements are thrown in occasionally to give a living interest to a picture which would otherwise become monotonous from its uniform quiet.

The work is written in easy and flexible English, with occasional felicities of expression. It is ascribed, as we believe we have informed our readers, to a daughter of J. Fennimore Cooper. Our country is full of most interesting materials for a work of this sort; but we confess we hardly expected, at the present time, to see them collected and arranged by so skilful a hand.

We copy here, not because there are not better things in the volume, but because it falls in with certain horticultural tastes of ours, the following passage on

WEEDS.

It is remarkable that these troublesome plants have come very generally from the Old World; they do not belong here, but following the steps of the white man, they have crossed the ocean with him. A very large proportion of the most common weeds in our fields and gardens, and about our buildings, are strangers to the soil. It will be easy to name a number of these; such, for instance, as the dock and the burdock, found about every barn and outbuilding; the common plantains and mallows—regular path-weeds; the groundsel, purslane, pig-weed, goose-foot, shepherd's-purse, and lamb's-quarters, so troublesome in gardens; the chickweed growing everywhere; the prinpernel, celandine, and knawel; the lady's-thumb and May-weeds; the common needles and tealz; wild flax, stick-seed, burweed, doorweed; all the mulleins; the most pestilent thistles, both the common sort and that which is erroneously called the Canada thistle; the sow thistle, the chess, corn-cockle, tares, bugloss, or blue-weed, and the pigeon-weed of the grain-fields; the darnel, yarrow, wild parsnip, ox-eye daisy, the wild garlic, the acrid buttercup, and the acrid St. John's wort of the meadows; the nightshades, Jerusalem artichoke, wild radish, wild mustard, or charlock, the

poison hemlock, the henbane—ay, even the very dandelion,* a plant which we tread under foot at every turn. Others still might be added to the list, which were entirely unknown to the red man, having been introduced by the European race, and are now choking up all our way-sides, forming the vast throng of foreign weeds. Some of these have come from a great distance, travelling round the world. The shepherd's-purse, with others, is common in China, on the most eastern coast of Asia. One kind of mallows belongs to the East Indies; another to the coast of the Mediterranean. The gimson weed, or *Datura*, is an Abyssinian plant, and the *Nicandra* came from Peru. It is supposed that the amaranths or greenweeds, so very common here, have also been introduced, though possibly only from the more southern parts of our own country.

Some few American plants have been also carried to Europe, where they have become naturalized; but the number is very small. The evening primrose, and the silkweed, among others have sowed themselves in some parts of the Old World, transported, no doubt, with the tobacco, and maize, and potato, which are now so widely diffused over the Eastern continent, to the very heart of Asia. But even at home, on our own soil, the amount of native weeds is small when compared with the throngs brought from the Old World. The wild cucumber, a very troublesome plant, the great white convolvulus, the dodder, the field sorrel, the poke-weed, the silkweed, with one or two plantains and thistles, of the rarer kinds, are among the most important of those whose origin is clearly settled as belonging to this continent. It is also singular, that, among these tribes which are of a divided nature, some being natives, others being introduced, the last are generally the most numerous; for instance, the native chickweeds, and plantains, and thistles, are less common here than the European varieties.

There are other naturalized plants frequent in neglected spots, about farm-houses, and along road-sides, which have already become so common as to be weeds; the simples and medicinal herbs, used for ages by the goodwives of England and Holland, were early brought over, and have very generally become naturalized—catnip, mint, horehound, tansy, balm, comfrey, elecampane, &c., &c.,—immediately take root, spreading far and wide wherever they are allowed to grow. It is surprising how soon they become firmly established in a new settlement: we often observe them in this new country apart from any dwelling. At times we have found them nearly a mile from either garden or house. The seeds of naturalized plants seem, in many cases, to have floated across our lake upon the water; for we have found the European mint and catnip growing with the blue gentian immediately on the banks where the woods spread around in every direction for some distance.

The word weed varies much with circumstances; at times, we even apply it to the beautiful flower or the useful herb. A plant may be a weed, because it is noxious, or fetid, or unsightly, or troublesome, but it is rare indeed that all these faults are united in one individual of the vegetable race. Often the unsightly, or fetid, or even the poisonous plant, is useful, or it may be interesting from some peculiarity; and, on the other hand, many others, troublesome from their numbers, bear pleasing flowers, taken singly. Upon the whole, it is not so much

* Dr. Torrey.

a natural defect which marks the weed, as a certain impertinent, intrusive character in these plants; a want of modesty, a habit of shoving themselves forward upon ground where they are not needed, rooting themselves into soil intended for better things, for plants more useful, more fragrant, or more beautiful. Thus the corn-cockle bears a fine flower, not unlike the mullein-pink of the garden, but then it springs up among the precious wheat, taking the place of the grain, and it is a weed; the flower of the thistle is handsome in itself, but it is useless, and it pushes forward in throngs by the way-side until we are weary of seeing it, and everybody makes war upon it; the common St. John's wort, again, has a pretty yellow blossom, and it has its uses also as a simple, but it is injurious to the cattle, and yet it is so obstinately tenacious of a place among the grasses, that it is found in every meadow, and we quarrel with it as a weed.

These noxious plants have come unbidden to us, with the grains and grasses of the Old World, the evil with the good, as usual in this world of probation—the wheat and tares together. The useful plants produce a tenfold blessing upon the labor of man, but the weed is also there, ever accompanying his steps, to teach him a lesson of humility. Certain plants of this nature—the dock, thistle, nettle, &c., &c.—are known to attach themselves especially to the path of man; in widely different soils and climates they are still found at his door. Patient care and toil can alone keep the evil within bounds, and it seems doubtful whether it lies within the reach of human means entirely to remove from the face of the earth one single plant of this peculiar nature, much less all their varieties. Has any one, even of the more noxious sorts, ever been utterly destroyed? Agriculture, with all the pride and power of science now at her command, has apparently accomplished but little in this way. Egypt and China are said to be countries in which weeds are comparatively rare; both regions have long been in a high state of cultivation, filled to overflowing with a hungry population, which neglects scarce a rood of the soil, and yet even in those lands, upon the banks of the Nile, where the crops succeed each other without any interval throughout the whole year, leaving no time for weeds to extend themselves; even there, these noxious plants are not unknown, and the moment the soil is abandoned, only for a season, they return with renewed vigor.

In this new country, with a fresh soil, and a thinner population, we have not only weeds innumerable, but we observe, also, that briars and brambles seem to acquire double strength in the neighborhood of man; we meet them in the primitive forest here and there, but they line our roads and fences, and the woods are no sooner felled to make ready for cultivation, than they spring up in profusion; the first natural produce of the soil. But in this world of mercy the just curse is ever graciously tempered with a blessing; many a grateful fruit and some of our most delightful flowers grow among thorns and briars, their fragrance and excellence reminding man of the sweets as well as the toils of his task. The sweet brier, more especially, with its simple flower and delightful fragrance, unknown in the wilderness, but moving onward by the side of the ploughman, would seem, of all others, the husbandman's blossom.

From the Spectator.

THE ENGAGED WIZARDS.

A YOUNG lady, residing with her family at Toulouse, amused herself by collecting birds and teaching them to perform feats, gradually advancing in interest and difficulty according to the aptness of the pupils. After a curriculum of four years, so far had the limits hitherto assigned to bird-intelligence been exceeded, that the preceptress was advised to remove so learned an establishment to Paris. This was done last winter; and the success was such as to encourage a visit to London. At No. 2 Baker Street, Portman Square, Mademoiselle Vanderneersch and her feathered corps have taken up their abode; and on several occasions a private exhibition of their attainments has been given. A cage divided into four compartments, each containing a bird, is placed on a table. A movable tray, the length of the cage, is placed in front. The tray contains some hundred cards placed edgeways; some bearing the marks of common playing-cards, others bearing the letters of the alphabet, others the months, others numerals, others scraps of poetry, others pictures. These are the materials upon which the birds exercise their skill. Mademoiselle takes the tray, and asks three or four of the company to pick out a playing-card, each with instructions not to reveal the marks. She then places the tray which contains the remaining cards in front of the cage. One of the birds is liberated by raising a slit; he receives his instructions, commences hopping about upon the cards, and looking very knowingly as he moves along; he stops, and commences a vigorous tugging at a card; he succeeds in extricating it, hops back to his compartment; and the card on being looked at is found to correspond with one of the cards held by the spectator who selected it. The performer is then liberated to have his reward in the shape of a seed; which he enjoys with great relish, and goes back again. Another liberation takes place; another card is tugged out; and so on till the number held by the company is exhausted. A watch was presented to one of the birds, and he was desired to tell the hour; he pulled out a card which bore the figure 3, and it was the right one. One of the company was asked to pronounce a word. "Chaise" was mentioned. A little fellow about the size of a linnet was liberated; he tugged out the C, then the h, and then the other letters, till the spelling was complete; receiving each time a seed for his trouble. On being asked to tell the number of letters the word contained, the wizard tugged out a card bearing the figure 6. The gentleman who mentioned the word thought the performer had made a mistake—he thought there were only five letters; but on counting his fingers he found the bird was correct. Sometimes, when a card was thrown up with its back uppermost, another bird was called upon to turn it over. Occasionally a mistake was made; but no sooner was it mentioned than the necessary correction took place. For example, a bird was asked to subtract 5 from 7; he added them instead, and produced a card bearing the figure 12. He was told that subtraction, not addition, was wanted; and, after looking anxiously at his feet as he hopped along, he stopped at a card, tugged it out, and it bore the figure 2. One of the birds took leave of the company in a pretty verse, which he selected from the cards, and which expressed the thanks of his interesting mistress to her visitors.

The collection consists of thirty-one birds, all more or less advanced in their education. The exhibition has not yet extended beyond attendance at private parties.

From the Examiner.

This would seem to be scarcely the place for a notice of a display of the intelligence of birds which we have lately had the opportunity of witnessing; but there is something so unique in the exhibition, so little of the commonplace, and so much that provokes curious and interesting thought, that it really falls within the province of art—and that of no ordinary kind. We cannot describe the details of the exhibition better than they have been given in a notice which appeared in the *Chronicle*. We should premise that the exhibitor is a young Belgian lady, Mdle. Vandermeersch, and that there appears to be no trickery or charlatanism in the extraordinary influence she exerts, or in the means by which she displays it, over the graceful little creatures who obey her slightest suggestion.

"The young lady (who, *en passant*, be it observed, is strikingly handsome, ladylike, full of *esprit*, and not more than seventeen years of age) enters any saloon where her attendance may have been desired, with a cage, containing four compartments, in each of which is a bird—a cardinal, a goldfinch, or some other variety. The cage is simply placed on a table. In front is put a little trough, in which is ranged some hundred and fifty or two hundred cards, exactly similar in shape and color. These cards are closely serried, their ends only being visible. Each card bears on its surface some inscription, either the ordinary court and common cards, or a letter of the alphabet, the numbers simple and compound, the days of the week, the months, the seasons, and others we do not remember. These inscriptions are necessarily hidden while the birds are making their selections. Mdle. Vandermeersch does not touch the cards or the birds during the performance. She approaches some individual in the company and asks the time by his watch. He tells her, *sotto voce*. She then approaches the cage, speaks to one of the birds aloud, and requests him to tell the time. The door of the cage being opened, the little bird hops out and jumps along the platform of cards, apparently deliberating. At length he fixes on one, which, after immense tugging, he pulls up from the pack. Suppose the time to be a quarter past three, this card would be inscribed with a 'three.' Again the little fellow is set to work, and after a similar display of reflection and physical strength, out he tugs a 'fifteen,' which he tosses in an amusingly cavalier manner on the platform, and then hops back to his cage. Should he by accident turn the card with its face downwards, he is made to come back and present it in due form to the spectators. The tricks, of which this is a specimen, are very numerous. Following the same manner, the birds tell you the day of the week, the month, the season of the year, any letter you may pick out of a book, any day, month, season, or year you may choose to name, any court or common card you may fix upon, and, what is still more extraordinary, if you think of a word, either of these birds will spell that word for you letter by letter, always provided that any one letter is not repeated in the word chosen. Of course you communicate to the young lady what it is you fix upon. This brings the exhibition out of the range of conjuring into the more interesting field of the practical. As Mdle. Vandermeersch does not touch either the cards or the birds, and as her address to

the birds is made aloud, it is puzzling in the extreme to conceive what is the nature of the influence by which she exercises such a singular control over these little animals. The exhibition excites surprise wherever it is seen. Mdle. Vandermeersch has been honored by the Duchess of Sutherland with a special request to perform at one of her *soirées*; as also by other distinguished personages. She has performed in the presence of the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry, the Marquis and Marchioness of Westminster, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord F. Fitzclarence, Lady Blantyre, Lady Constance Gower, Lord and Lady Dufferin, &c., and from some of her patrons she has written certificates couched in terms of unusual admiration. Her performances here, it would seem, are confined to the *soirées* and *matinées* of the nobility and gentry, at least for the present. From the description we have given, it will be seen that there is nothing of common-place trickery in the exhibition, but that it appeals to a higher kind of taste."

All this is strictly true, and stated without the least exaggeration.

DRESS IN ELIZABETH'S REIGN.—The ordinary habit of a nobleman, at that time [Elizabeth's reign] consisted of a doublet and hose, a cloak, or sometimes a long, sometimes a short gown, with sleeves. It must be remembered that the gown was originally a common, not a professional habit only; but that as state and gravity yielded to convenience in ordinary dress, it was exchanged for a short cloak, which, about the reign of Charles II., gave way in its turn to the coat, as that is nothing more than the ancient sleeved doublet prolonged. In the mean time ecclesiastics, and other members of the learned professions, whose habits varying little at first from the common dress of the times, had those little distinctions fixed by canons and statutes, persevered in the use of their old costume; in consequence of which they retain the gown, under various modifications, to the present day.

The same observation may be made with respect to the hood, which, however ill adapted to common use, was the ancient covering for the head in ordinary clothing. The different orders of monks, the different degrees in the Universities, only varied the cut or the material of the hood for distinction's sake. But, for common use, the hood was supplanted by the round citizen's cap, yet retained by the yeomen of the guard, such as is seen, though much contracted, and of meaner materials, in the engravings to the old editions of Fox's Martyrs. This was succeeded by the hat, which, I think, first became general in Queen Elizabeth's time, nearly of the shape of the modern round hat, though turned up on one side.—*Whitaker's History of Craven*, p. 325.

It will be remarked, that in a nobleman's wardrobe at that time [Elizabeth's] everything was showy and costly; velvet, satin, sarcenet, gold lace and fur. At the same time it is curious to observe how many articles are described as old and far worn. A wardrobe at that time lasted for life, or more; for I am persuaded that many articles here enumerated had belonged to the first earl. How much more rational is a plain broad-cloth suit, frequently renewed, and accompanied with daily changes of very fine linen, &c., in which alone a nobleman now differs from a tradesman.—*Whitaker's History of Craven*, p. 325.

From the Spectator.

HUNTING LIFE IN SOUTH AFRICA.*

ROUALEYN GORDON CUMMING, of Altyre, a kinsman of Argyle, was born with as innate a love for sport as Virgil's bees for making honey. At home he became a first-rate angler, sportsman, and deer-stalker; in the pursuit of oölogy he braved the risks of the hardy sea-bird fowler—"descending the loftiest precipices with a rope round his waist." In 1839 he sailed to join his regiment in India, and laid the foundation of a collection of trophies of the chase which has since swelled to gigantic proportions. The climate, however, disagreed with Mr. Cumming, and he returned to Britain and its sports; till the restrictions of preserves, game-keepers, boundaries, and what not, disgusted him. "Longing once more for the freedom of nature and the life of the wild hunter—so far preferable to that of the mere sportsman," he resolved to visit "the rolling prairies and Rocky Mountains of the Far West." With this view, the sportsman obtained a commission in the Royal Veteran Newfoundland Companies; but "speedily discovered that the prospect of getting from the barrack-square would be small." He effected an exchange into the Cape Riflemen; but neither did this service permit the sort of free-and-easy life which he desired. He therefore sold out; and, after employing himself in purchasing wagons and oxen, hiring servants and preparing arms and outfit, he started from Graham's Town for the interior, in October, 1843; and was so well satisfied with his first adventure, that he passed five successive years altogether in sporting excursions in the interior of South Africa.

The direction in which Mr. Cumming travelled from Graham's Town, was north-north-east. The extent was about thirteen degrees of latitude from 34° to 21° south, and about eight of longitude—24° to 32° east. Beyond the post of Colesberg and the Orange river the country is unsettled; but missionary stations are found within one hundred and fifty miles of the Limpopo; along whose banks Mr. Cumming proceeded for several hundred miles, diverging, as was his practice on all occasions, to the right or left, according as the probability of finding game tempted him. Unless long exposure had blunted the sportsman to hardship, and the rugged desert country that intervened between the settlements and his hunting-grounds had biased his judgment, the country seems better watered and less sterile than one would expect in the heart of Africa in the vicinity of the tropic of Capricorn. Nor would it appear to be unhealthy; for although Mr. Cumming was attacked by rheumatism and fever, his exposure and exertions must be borne in mind, as well as that rheumatism is independent of African malaria.

* Five Years of a Hunter's Life in the Far Interior of South Africa. With Notices of the Native Tribes, and Anecdotes of the Chase of the Lion, Elephant, Hippopotamus, Giraffe, Rhinoceros, &c. By Roualeyn Gordon Cumming, Esq., of Altyre. With Illustrations. In two volumes. Published by Murray.

Sport and the free life of the hunter, not geographical description or discovery, were the objects of Mr. Cumming; and he enjoyed them to the fullest extent. In the neighborhood of the British frontier various kinds of antelopes, and those strange African animals that often combine in themselves the features of horse, ox and stag, were rife. As he advanced, buffaloes, hyænas, leopards, lions, rhinoceroses, giraffes, elephants, and at last, upon the banks and in the waters of the far Limpopo, the hippopotamus and crocodile rewarded his exertions. And these not few and far between, but in numbers which made his attacks upon the noblest game look more like a battue than hard-working sport. Mr. Cumming has knocked over half a dozen elephants or more at a time, chased and slaughtered camelopards in like manner, killed and carried off hippopotamuses as men do deer at home; and grew so bold that two or three lions were less to him than an overdriven ox to a London alderman. He met the kings of beasts in open plain, rode with them, at them, across them, and around them, in the execution of his tactics; knocked them over right and left, and, like Coriolanus among the Volscians, alone he did it. Mr. Cumming ascribes more courage to the lion than some modern travellers have allowed. His narratives certainly support this view to some extent; but the courage seems rather the product of ignorance. The lion despised the natives; he knew not the power and prowess of the Cumming till too late, very often. As soon as he "got a wrinkle" upon the matter, he endeavored to escape his fate. The following is a case adduced in proof of the courage of the king of beasts; but it rather shows his skill. It was a demonstration to cover a retreat.

At no time is the lion so much to be dreaded as when his partner has got small young ones. At that season he knows no fear, and, in the coolest and most intrepid manner, he will face a thousand men. A remarkable instance of this kind came under my own observation which confirmed the reports I had before heard from the natives. One day, when out elephant hunting in the territory of the Baseleka, accompanied by two hundred and fifty men, I was astonished suddenly to behold a majestic lion slowly and steadily advancing towards us with a dignified step and undaunted bearing, the most noble and imposing that can be conceived. Lashing his tail from side to side, and growling haughtily, his terribly expressive eye resolutely fixed upon us, and displaying a show of ivory well calculated to inspire terror among the timid Bechuanas, he approached. A headlong flight of the two hundred and fifty men was the immediate result; and, in the confusion of the moment, four couples of my dogs, which they had been leading, were allowed to escape in their couples. These instantly faced the lion; who, finding that by his bold bearing he had succeeded in putting his enemies to flight, now became solicitous for the safety of his little family, with which the lioness was retreating in the background. Facing about he followed after them with a haughty and independent step, growling fiercely at the dogs which trotted along on either side of him. Three

troops of elephants having been discovered a few minutes previous to this, upon which I was marching for the attack, I, with the most heartfelt reluctance, reserved my fire. On running down the hillside to endeavor to recall my dogs, I observed for the first time the retreating lioness with four cubs. About twenty minutes afterwards, two noble elephants repaid my forbearance.

In this instance the monarch and family retreated before the hunter; and well would it have been for the lions had they always made a run of it when rarer game was not in ken. See what happened to two out of four, from their committing the error of Sir John Moore in Spain, and not sufficiently soon determining upon "a movement in retreat." A report had been brought into the camp that four kings were holding a royal feast over some slain zebras in the neighborhood.

I instantly saddled up two horses, and, directing my boys to lead after me as quickly as possible my small remaining pack of sore-footed dogs, I rode forth, accompanied by Carey, carrying a spare gun, to give battle to the four grim lions. As I rode out of the peninsula, they showed themselves on the bank of the river; and, guessing that their first move would be a disgraceful retreat, I determined to ride so as to make them think that I had not observed them, until I should be able to cut off their retreat from the river, across the open vley, to the endless forest beyond. That point being gained, I knew that they, still doubtful of my having observed them, would hold their ground on the river's bank until my dogs came up, when I could more advantageously make the attack.

I cantered along, holding as if I meant to pass the lions at a distance of a quarter of a mile, until I was opposite to them, when I altered my course and inclined a little nearer. The lions then showed symptoms of uneasiness; they rose to their feet, and, overhauling us for half a minute, disappeared over the bank. They reappeared, however, directly, a little further down; and, finding that their present position was bare, they walked majestically along the top of the bank to a spot a few hundred yards lower, where the bank was well wooded. Here they seemed half inclined to await my attack; two stretched out their massive arms and lay down in the grass, and the other two sat up like dogs upon their haunches. Deeming it probable that when my dogs came up and I approached they would still retreat and make a bolt across the open vley, I directed Carey to canter forward and take up the ground in the centre of the vley about four hundred yards in advance; whereby the lions would be compelled either to give us battle or swim the river, which, although narrow, I knew they would be very reluctant to do.

I now sat in my saddle, anxiously awaiting the arrival of the dogs; and while thus momentarily disengaged, I was much struck with the majestic and truly appalling appearance which these four noble lions exhibited. They were all full-grown, immense males; and I felt, I must confess, a little nervous, and very uncertain as to what might be the issue of the attack. When the dogs came up I rode right in towards the lions. They sprang to their feet, and trotted slowly down along the bank of the river, once or twice halting and facing about for half a minute. Immediately below them there was a small determined bend in the

stream, forming a sort of peninsula. Into this bend they disappeared; and the next moment I was upon them with my dogs. They had taken shelter in a dense angle of the peninsula, well sheltered by high trees and reeds. Into this retreat the dogs at once boldly followed them, making a loud barking; which was instantly followed by the terrible voices of the lions, which turned about and charged to the edge of the cover. Next moment, however, I heard them plunge into the river; when I sprang from my horse, and running to the top of the bank, I saw three of them ascending the opposite bank, the dogs following. One of them bounded away across the open plain at top speed; but the other two, finding themselves followed by the dogs, immediately turned to bay. It was now my turn; so taking them coolly right and left with my little rifle, I made the most glorious double shot that a sportsman's heart could desire, disabling them both in the shoulder before they were even aware of my position; then snatching my other gun from Carey, who that moment had ridden up to my assistance, I finished the first lion with a shot about the heart, and brought the second to a standstill by disabling him in his hind quarters. He quickly crept into a dense, wide, dark green bush, in which for a long time it was impossible to obtain a glimpse of him; at length, a clod of earth falling near his hiding place, he made a move which disclosed to me his position, when I finished him with three more shots, all along the middle of his back. Carey swam across the river to flog off the dogs; and when these came through to me I beat up the peninsula in quest of the fourth lion; which had, however, made off. We then crossed the river a little higher up, and proceeded to inspect the noble prizes I had won. Both lions were well up in their years: I kept the skin and skull of the finest specimen, and only the nails and the tail of the other, one of whose canine teeth was worn down to the socket with caries, which seemed very much to have affected his general condition.

This was distant firing. At times, however, it came to closer quarters with elephants, and to positive taction with our traveller's first captured hippopotamus, when he performed what he calls "a waltz" in the water.

I took the sea-cow next me, and with my first ball I gave her a mortal wound, knocking loose a great plate on the top of her skull. She at once commenced plunging round and round, and then occasionally remained still, sitting for a few minutes on the same spot. On hearing the report of my rifle, two of the others took up stream, and the fourth dashed down the river; they trotted along, like oxen, at a smart pace, as long as the water was shallow. I was now in a state of very great anxiety about my wounded sea-cow, for I feared that she would get down into deep water, and be lost like the last one; her struggles were still carrying her down stream, and the water was becoming deeper. To settle the matter, I accordingly fired a second shot from the bank; which, entering the roof of her skull, passed out through her eye; she then kept continually splashing round and round in a circle in the middle of the river. I had great fears of the crocodiles, and I did not know that the sea-cow might not attack me. My anxiety to secure her, however, overcame all hesitation; so, divesting myself of my leathers, and armed with a sharp knife, I dashed into the water, which at first took

me up to my arm-pits, but in the middle was shallower.

As I approached behemoth, her eye looked very wicked. I halted for a moment, ready to dive under the water if she attacked me; but she was stunned, and did not know what she was doing; so, running in upon her, and seizing her short tail, I attempted to incline her course to land. It was extraordinary what enormous strength she had in the water. I could not guide her in the slightest; and she continued to splash and plunge, and blow and make her circular course, carrying me along with her as if I was a fly on her tail. Finding her tail gave me but a poor hold, as the only means of securing my prey, I took out my knife, and, cutting two deep parallel incisions through the skin on her rump, and lifting this skin from the flesh, so that I could get in my two hands, I made use of this as a handle; and after some desperate hard work, sometimes pushing and sometimes pulling, the sea-cow continuing her circular course all the time and I holding on at her rump like grim death, eventually I succeeded in bringing this gigantic and most powerful animal to the bank. Here the bushman quickly brought me a stout buffalo-rhein from my horse's neck, which I passed through the opening in the thick skin, and moored behemoth to a tree; I then took my rifle and sent a ball through the centre of her head, and she was numbered with the dead.

These extracts will serve to furnish a notion of the sort of sport enjoyed by Mr. Cumming, but will give no idea of its variety, or of his adventures; sometimes only the common occurrences of the wilderness, at other times incidents pregnant with danger and privation, which must have ended fatally to a man less hardy and experienced than himself. The novelty of the sports and the variety of adventure impart, of course, considerable interest to the book; but its great attraction is its freshness and nature. As soon as the reader finds himself across the frontier, he feels himself in a new region. The animals, the vegetation, the scenery, the modes of living, are all novel and striking—"free as Nature first made man;" and the very faults of Mr. Cumming tend to bring out the qualities of his subjects. The closest approach to him in subjects and adventure is Major Harris; though we think Mr. Cumming has the advantage in the wildness and freshness of his scenery, as Harris excels Cumming in literary judgment and art. At the same time, the coarseness, the repetitions and the barrack and sporting mind of the latter, conjoined as they are with considerable vigor and a faculty of observation, seem to give a truer reflex of the nature he is describing than the more skilful depiction of Harris. We luxuriate in the exuberance of animal and (where there is water) of vegetable life; we are disposed to place more reliance upon the pictures of Cumming, save a grain of wonder at some of the sporting stories. This reliability is increased by the absence of scientific objects, and indeed the author's acquaintance with science, as well as by his perfect apparent openness, not merely in his confessions of nervousness, but of impositions upon the natives by encouraging their superstitions

and providing them with charms. A less open person, too, would have softened the style of his slaughter; for the size of the animals protracts their death struggles, while the lordly lion, and the "half reasoning elephant" meet their end with a kind of dignity, or submission to destiny, which excites the reader's sympathy for anything but their destroyer. This want of literary art leads to repetitions of the same kind of thing in his different journeys and adventures, and to a good deal of minuteness; which, however, serves to exhibit more completely the life the author was leading.

This book is a singular illustration of "how use doth breed a habit in a man." By long custom Mr. Cumming got to face the fiercest beasts of prey, and the mightiest animals—the elephant, the rhinoceros, and the hippopotamus—as a matter of course; encouraging the idea, that when the civilized mind is seated in a sound body, and assisted by machinery, (for a gun is a machine,) there is hardly any feat of endurance, exertion or victory over brute mind and matter, to which it may not be brought. At last he absolutely got to play with danger, but ready at the instant for the deadly conflict.

As I was examining the spoor of the game by the fountain, I suddenly detected an enormous old rock-snake stealing in beneath a mass of rock beside me. He was truly an enormous snake, and, having never before dealt with this species of game, I did not exactly know how to set about capturing him. Being very anxious to preserve his skin entire, and not wishing to have recourse to my rifle, I cut a stout and tough stick about eight feet long, and having lightened myself of my shooting belt, I commenced the attack. Seizing him by the tail, I tried to get him out of his place of refuge; but I hauled in vain—he only drew his large folds firmer together; I could not move him. At length I got a rhein round one of his folds about the middle of his body, and Kleinboy and I commenced hauling away in good earnest.

The snake, finding the ground too hot for him, relaxed his coils, and suddenly bringing round his head to the front, he sprang out at us like an arrow, with his immense and hideous mouth opened to its largest dimensions; and before I could get out of his way, he was clean out of his hole, and made a second spring, throwing himself forward about eight or ten feet, and snapping his horrid fangs within a foot of my naked legs. I sprang out of his way, and getting a hold of the green bough I had cut, I returned to the charge. The snake now glided along at top speed: he knew the ground well, and was making for a mass of broken rocks where he would have been beyond my reach; but before he could gain this place of refuge, I caught him two or three tremendous whacks on the head. He, however, held on, and gained a pool of muddy water; which he was rapidly crossing when I again belabored him, and at length reduced his pace to a stand. We then hanged him by the neck to a bough of a tree, and in about fifteen minutes he seemed dead; but he again became very troublesome through the operation of skinning, twisting his body in all manner of ways. This serpent measured fourteen feet.

The most valuable parts of Mr. Cumming's book are those which describe the habits and appearances of the animals; as he saw them under more favorable circumstances than perhaps any other observer with equal powers of observation. We can only quote one of these passages from among the many we had noted.

The springbok is so termed by the colonists on account of its peculiar habit of springing or taking extraordinary bounds, rising to an incredible height in the air, when pursued. The extraordinary manner in which springboks are capable of springing is best seen when they are chased by a dog. On these occasions, away start the herd, with a succession of strange perpendicular bounds, rising with curved loins high into the air, and at the same time elevating the snowy folds of long white hair on their haunches and along their back, which imparts to them a peculiar fairy-like appearance, different from any other animal. They bound to the height of ten or twelve feet, with the elasticity of an India-rubber ball; clearing at each spring from twelve to fifteen feet of ground, without apparently the slightest exertion. In performing the spring, they appear for an instant as if suspended in the air, when down come all four feet again together, and, striking the plain, away they soar again as if about to take flight. The herd only adopt this motion for a few hundred yards, when they subside into a light elastic trot, arching their graceful necks and lowering their noses to the ground, as if in a sportive mood. Presently pulling up, they face about, and reconnoitre the object of their alarm. In crossing any path or wagon-road on which men have lately trod, the springbok invariably clears it by a single surprising bound; and when a herd of perhaps many thousands have to cross a track of the sort, it is extremely beautiful to see how each antelope performs this feat, so suspicious are they of the ground on which their enemy, man, has trodden. They bound in a similar manner when passing to leeward of a lion, or any other animal of which they entertain an instinctive dread.

From the Tribune.

"THE CHRISTIAN REVIEW" (July) is entitled to a high place among the religious quarterlies, both on account of the well arranged variety of its contents and the truly liberal and scholar-like tone of its discussions. The articles on "Coleridge and Southey," "Justin Martyr," "Geology and Revelation," "Campbell's Lives of the Chief Justices," "President Wayland's Report on University Education," and "The Pope's Return to Rome," are all written by men of distinguished ability, and exhibit an extent of research and vigor of composition which would do honor to any of our periodicals. We quote a passage from the notice of Coleridge and Southey.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF COLERIDGE.

The appearance and air of Mr. Coleridge were decidedly clerical, but he soon struck you as "a king of men." He well personified "Church and State, according to [his] *Idea* of each."* Without the affectation or any remarkable professions of seriousness, he sustained, more than any other man

* The title, nearly verbatim, of a favorite tract he published in 1830.

we have seen, a serious carriage engagingly. There was a chastened and imperturbable solemnity about him, rising, when he said his best things, (spoke against the philosophy of mere expediency, or asserted the claims of the Eternal Word,) into an unaffected majesty, and the entire command of all present. It was never broken in upon, in our hearing, by the utterance of anything foolish or light. We were never in the company of mortal man to whom such a thing would have seemed so utterly unbecoming, or from whom it would have burst upon one, creating so much surprise.

We do not remember to have seen him laugh. It was too gross an expression of feeling for the keeping and comfort of his presence—(that word comfort, by the way, being one which he would often claim as belonging only to "English hearts and homes.") He was tall, slightly corpulent; had a head whose indescribable promises of mental excellence made all his friends tolerate Phrenology who did not believe in it; and a forehead of surpassing manly beauty. To see him take off his hat, as the writer has done, and address a kind of Improvisatori Hymn to the Sun, as he walked with him down Highgate Hill to the "Great Metropolis," was no faint image of an Apollo unveiling himself. That forehead was certainly such an outwork of power within, as no one that studied it could forget, or would hope to see well copied by art.

Mr. Coleridge, without attempting any peculiarities of dress or manners, was only like himself in these things. While we knew him, he always wore well-made black clothes—walked always with a drawing-room gentleness and dignity. Everything about him was rotund, impressive, graceful—down to the silk stocking and plastic shoe of his handsome leg and foot. No boot, with or without the modern disguise of pantaloons, was ever drawn over them. It was impossible for any such article to be made that would not have been out of keeping—been as clumsy in its appearance there as a club-foot. After some acquaintance, it would be observed how much he could engage to his favorite themes the respectful attention of ladies; and that children* were delighted with him. It has been told everywhere, since his death, that men of the highest rank and first attainments in England would gladly assist—might we say, be contentedly the organ-blowers at his unrivalled Conversations. We were acquainted with a literary man who had been both in Dr. Johnson's and Coleridge's society. He gave to the latter all the learning, command of language, and impressive power of Johnson, with, what he so much lacked, the *suaviter in modo*—uniform gentleness and sweetness of manner.

SOUTHEY.

Mr. Southey had exactly the appearance of an elder son of Coleridge's. There was not a difference of three years between them in age, but twenty in apparent vigor. He, too, was tall; of highly finished and conciliatory address; had a noble, but somewhat thin, Roman visage, prominent, penetrating and very beautiful eyes, and abundance of black, curling hair. Perhaps he was unusually

* We remember his stepping into a house, where some prattlers looked shyly at him and ran. "Ah!" said he to their mother, "you cannot enter a sheep meadow but the lambs will turn a fine neck and mild eyes on you and scamper off, whatever their seniors may do."

animated at the particular interview with him which we remember. It took place at the house of his brother, a London physician, where he was called out of a party to confer on the affairs of Coleridge. He was full of zeal to arrange them to advantage, and spoke very rapidly and eloquently of what his early friend "could do." There was a singular union about him of the man of conscious talent, great adroitness, and profound deference to the claims of his friend. As he was then a much more popular writer than Coleridge, this last feature of his conversation was the more striking. He said, in effect—and seemed to feel—"You know he is the greatest man among us all." Gladly, with such a theme, and such an advocate, would we have heard him talk until midnight. He stands now before us the image of activity, facility, and versatility of mind; of urbanity and perfect good breeding; well dressed as a layman; and frequently springing to his feet to enforce his point.

From the New York Tribune.

THE LAST SONG OF TABLE ROCK.

"SERMONS IN STONES."

The Rock fell June 23, nearly the central day of the central year of this century.

GIVE ear, O world! my hour is come,
And I will speak, a thunder word
Shall make the roaring torrent dumb,
And by the listening earth be heard.

My hour is come—I feel it now
In failing grasp and trembling knee,
And in the pressure on my brow,
And gathering drops of agony.

The angel waits, and I must soon—
A Titan leaping from the rock—
Strike loud the Century's passing noon,
As with an earthquake's reeling shock.

For this I have in silence hung
For ages waiting, watching, here;
For this the cataract has sung
Its siren music in my ear.

"Why fear to plunge?" it ever said;
"T is bold, and beautiful and free:
O deep and soft my foamy bed—
Come down, O Rock, and dwell with me."

A heart of stone, to such a song
For ages harped, must yield at length;
A grasp of flint may grapple long,
But crumbling age will steal its strength.

From nature's birth I heard the sound
Of falling waters creeping near,
And trembled at the shock profound
Of rocks that crashed from year to year.

At last I saw Niagara's face—
Its bright archangel robe and crown,
And felt the breath and wild embrace
Of floods that strove to drag me down.

Still up I stood—a steadfast wall,
And held my forehead proud and high,
And shook with laughter at the Fall
Untill it slowly passed me by.

Ha! ha! I echoed back its roar,
And shivered with a stern delight
To think that Time could never more
So try again my rocky might.

And I grew happy in the sound
That vainly poured its tempting song,
The while on wooded slopes around
A thousand summers swept along.

And I was proud to bear the weight
Of Indian monarchs on my head,
And blest to feel the lovelier freight
Of maidens with their tender tread.

At last there came the iron heels
Of those who fought the forest sons;
And, later still, the grinding wheels
And angry roar of English guns.

A few years more, and all the wild
Grew tame with shapes of man's device;
God's grandest temple was defiled
With haunts of Pride and Avarice.

And yet I joyed that on my head
So many thousands came and went;
'T was good to hear their godlike tread,
Who mused of love omnipotent.

And here they best could stoop and see
An emblem of the rust of Time—
A symbol great of Deity—
An image of the Soul sublime.

And I—ah! who can boast with me
The pressure of so many hands—
The wise, the fair, the great, the free,
And pilgrims from a hundred lands.

But one there was, of lovely mould,
My willing brow of wreaths would rob—
In vain for her so sweet and bold,
My pulse a moment ceased to throb.

She heard the torrent's witching words—
"Why fear to fall?" and with the spell,
As shining serpents charm the birds,
The torrent charmed—she swooned and fell.

And one there was who, in the night,
For grief and madness sought my brink,
And leapt adown the fearful height—
No one but I beheld him sink.

Oh! I could tell a thousand tales
Of life and death, of woe and mirth,
That now must sleep till God unveils
The secrets of the air and earth.

To-day an angel o'er me stood
A messenger to cast me down;
To-day the thunder of the flood
Took on a fierce and taunting tone.

"Why fear to fall?" it growled and hissed,
"Will you endure my shaking hate,
The buffet of my furious mist,
Yet fear to dash me with your weight.

Why fear to plunge?—the strongest fall
And conquerors and empires sink;
The stars themselves shall perish all,
Like falling leaves—and still you shrink!

Why fear to drop?—at latest soon
You must in earth's destruction melt;
Oh! strike so loud the century's noon,
It shall from star to star be felt."

I fear not, O thou roaring tide:
I dare the leap, the whirl, the shock;
And now—and now, to shame your pride,
I come—a cataract of rock!

Cayuga Lake, July 1, 1850. H. W. PARKER.

From the Spectator.

DR. BIGSBY'S SHOE AND CANOE.*

UPWARDS of thirty years ago, Dr. Bigsby was sent to Canada, in medical charge of a large detachment of a German rifle regiment in the pay of Great Britain; but this limited duty appears to have merged in a larger sphere of action, shortly after his arrival at Quebec. When a typhus fever raged at the settlement of Hawksbury, he was selected by the colonial government to visit the district; and he was subsequently named secretary and medical officer to the commissioners appointed to survey the boundary-line from the Lake of the Woods (north latitude 49°, east longitude 94°) to the Atlantic; though the latter part of the boundary was not fixed till Lord Ashburton, much to Lord Palmerston's discomfort, settled the question. These duties, combined with an active mind, a taste for geology, exploration, and the beauties of nature, with a frank and sociable disposition, took Dr. Bigsby over the greater part of Canada, in the course of the seven or eight years he remained there. Medical duty sent him up the Ottawa; science, friends, and a love of rambling, induced excursions to various places on and near the St. Lawrence, between Lake Ontario and the river Saguenay; his office as medical attendant upon the surveying parties in the service of the boundary commissioners carried him round the great lakes, (then but little known,) up their principal feeding rivers, to the forts of the Hudson's Bay Company, and to the river La Pluie and the Lake of the Woods. Of his adventures, and the wild countries he then explored, Dr. Bigsby gives an account in this book, somewhat oddly called *The Shoe and Canoe*; intermingling his narrative with discussions on various moot points of colonial policy, and occasionally correcting his five-and-twenty years' old pictures by incidental observations as to how matters now stand.

The most valuable parts of the book, as may be supposed, are those in which human nature appears, especially where it is probable that the circumstances still remain the same. The following hint to intending emigrants of the well-educated class is as true now as when the opinion was formed, although the particular districts in which it was formed have long since been "filled up."

I was sorry to observe, in the more retired parts of Canada, that when the difficulties are surmounted, and all is secure and comfortable, the settler is apt to fall into a dull and moping state. There is now little to interest; the farm and the boys work well by themselves; neighbors are distant. There is no stimulus at hand preservative of the domestic properties. All are necessarily careless of dress

in summer, while in winter a whole wardrobe of old clothes is called for at once. In summer, while on travel in an open boat, I have not seen my coat for a month together.

The females, I am bound to say, bear a woodland life far better than the men; are cheerful, active, and tidy in their persons. I have been often very pleased with their healthy, satisfied, and smart appearance, while mounting their Dearborn spring wagon on Sundays to go to church, driven by a brother.

* * * * *

Strong drink is the bane of Canada West, especially on outlying farms, and still more especially, I fear, among half-pay officers. All goes on soberly and pleasantly while the buildings and land are getting up and into order; but as soon as this is done time hangs heavily, annoyances arise, vain regrets are felt, infirm health is apt to follow; when the only resource seems to be the whiskey-bottle. The man begins to remember only the pleasant part of English and military life, and laments his chair and plate at the regimental mess. He is very glad of an invitation to dine with the little garrison twenty miles off; and in the end sinks into the sot, and drags his sons, if he have any, down with him.

The gentleman settler is unfit for the gloom of the woods, and should select a ready-made farm, not more than ten miles from a town. This can be done any day on reasonable terms. * * *

A raw country and their population will seldom suit the great capitalist. The delicate habits in which he has been educated will be subject to an endless succession of shocks and jars—intolerable, unless neutralized by the natural or morbid stimulus of a darling project. Here is one great defect in Wakefield's beautiful scheme of colonizing with capital and labor combined. As a rule, capital refuses to go where the owner must accompany it; the scheme halts, and is in fact defeated. It is very unsafe to send out capital to take care of itself. "I will not go; for I can find in England tolerable employment for my capital, and can at the same time enjoy the thousand nameless agréments and conveniences of an old country."

As a specimen of the daily small annoyances that are here met with. A large capitalist invested in iron mines and forges in Canada West. He built and furnished a house in the English style. He had occasion to advertise for tenders to clear some land. A master wood-cutter, an off-handed Yankee, thinking of nothing but timber and dollars, came with his offer. He was introduced into the parlor, bright with its newly-papered walls and figured carpet. The American, as he struggled for his price, balancing his chair against the wall, rubbed his wet, greasy hair against the paper; when Mr. Charles Hayes begged him to keep his head off the wall, which he instantly did, but soon afterwards, very unconsciously, rolled his quid, and spat on the new carpet. Mr. C. remonstrated; when the woodman waxed warm, and said, "Neighbor, I see we are not likely to do business. You are a hard man, and make bothers. You know I'll do cheap, and yet we don't progress." "Yes," said the Englishman, "we shall progress, if you will step out with me into the garden;" where, in fact, terms were agreed upon in a few minutes.

The voyageurs appear frequently, from the nature of Dr. Bigsby's travels, and are minutely described. They are not so fresh to the reading

* *The Shoe and Canoe*; or, Pictures of Travel in the Canadas. Illustrative of their Scenery and of Colonial Life; with Facts and Opinions on Emigration, State Policy, and other points of public interest. With numerous Plates and Maps. By John J. Bigsby, M. D., late Secretary to the Boundary Commission under Art. VI. and VII., Treaty of Ghent. In two volumes. Published by Chapman and Hall.

public as they were a generation ago, but they have interest still. The following introduces one in a great storm on Lake Erie.

We were three nights and two days exposed to its fury, driving from side to side of this narrow lake, with a generally easterly course.

We should have perished, I verily believe, but, with God's help, for our stout commander and his brave crew. The waves swept away boats, binnacle, deer, turkeys, &c. &c., and strewed the sand of the lake bottom in great quantities upon the deck, and the table-cloth of a sail which we ventured to hoist.

Nobody thought of cooking, and few of eating; I confess to a couple of biscuits. I remained much in my berth, on account of the violent motion of the vessel, with simply a shirt on, white jane trousers, and light shoes, ready for a jump and a swim. I certainly thought (with the others) that our safety was very problematical. Of course, I felt for myself; but I also regretted the loss of all our surveys, and of our very valuable instruments. The shipwreck would have cost the public very many thousand pounds.

Once only was I nearly on deck to survey the scene; but I had hardly got high enough to see—standing on the companion ladder—when a large wave, opaque with mud, soured me on the face, and drove me down again, accompanied by not a little water.

Our Canadian voyageurs were vastly disturbed. One old fellow, with a sharp vinegar face, jambed himself into a corner of the hold, and broke his usual silence by giving public notice, that, if permitted to land alive, he would burn a candle, one pound in weight, in the nearest church, in honor of the Virgin—"the mild mother"—the "star of the sea."

He had scarcely uttered the vow when the vessel quivered under a tremendous blow, and was buried for a moment beneath a great wave. Grénier shouted out that he would pay for six masses. Another shock. The poor man, in an agony, doubled the weight of the candle, set his teeth spasmodically, and never spake more until the storm had ceased; for he saw all his summer wages a-melting.

The Indians, too, are not so new subjects as they were before Cooper's novels and Irving's tales; but they still have freshness enough to excite attention, and Dr. Bigsby was thrown a good deal amongst them. This is a tale that was told in the course of the survey of the Lake of the Woods.

While we were purchasing bilberries, I noticed a sulky old Indian sitting apart on a somewhat high rock, with his arms round his legs and his head on his knees.

I asked "the little Englishman" who that woe-stricken man was; when he gave me the following statement.

Some years ago this Indian had strangled his lunatic son—his only son and favorite child.

The youth, eighteen years old, for a year or more, had refused to hunt, became abstracted, melancholy, and at times phrenzied.

When his paroxysms were coming on, he would warn his family to protect a particular sister from his unwilling violence, as he had an irresistible

propensity to kill and devour her; and, in fact, he made several attempts upon her life.

After a time, his lunacy, for such it was, changed its object, and he declared that he must murder and eat the first Indian he could master in the woods or elsewhere.

He now daily begged his father to put him to death, and so end his miseries.

The surrounding Indians took alarm at all this.

The father, as is usual in great emergencies, called a council. It sat several times, and, after much deliberation, ordered the lunatic to be strangled by his own father, the *giver* of his life.

The father obeyed. The youth, after listening to a long speech, and assenting aloud to every separate observation, bared his neck to the cord, and soon ceased to breathe. His body was burnt, lest he should rise again.

The parent never looked up more.

MAN'S FREE-WILL CIRCUMSCRIBED BY GOD'S PROVIDENCE.—For a man is circumscribed in all his ways by the providence of God, just as he is in a ship; for although the man may walk freely upon the decks, or pass up and down in the little continent, yet he must be carried whither the ship bears him. A man hath nothing free but his will, and that indeed is guided by laws and reasons; but although by this he walks freely, yet the divine Providence is the ship, and God is the pilot, and the contingencies of the world are sometimes like the fierce winds, which carry the whole event of things whither God pleases.—*Jeremy Taylor*, vol. 12, p. 454.

COVENANT PROPOSED, 1628.—"If," said Rous, "a man meet a dog alone, the dog is fearful, though never so fierce by nature; but if that dog have his master by him, he will set upon that man from whom he fled before. This shows that lower natures being backed with the higher, increase in courage and strength; and certainly man, being backed with omnipotency, is a kind of omnipotency. All things are possible to him that believeth; and where all things are possible there is a kind of omnipotence. Wherefore, let us now, by the unanimous consent and resolution of us all, make a vow and a covenant henceforth to hold fast, I say, to hold fast to our God and our religion, and then may we from henceforth certainly expect prosperity on this kingdom and nation. And to this Covenant let every man say Amen."—*Rushworth*, part 1, p. 646.

CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE GENTRY IN CUMBERLAND.—In Cumberland the people had joined in a sort of confederacy to undermine the estates of the gentry, by pretending a tenant right; which there is a customary estate, not unlike our copy-holds; and the verdict was sure for the tenant's right, whatever the case was. The gentlemen, finding that all was going, resolved to put a stop to it, by serving on common juries. I could not but wonder to see pantaloons and shoulder-knots crowding among the common clowns, but this account was a satisfaction.—*Rodger North, Life of Lord Keeper Guildford*, vol. 1, p. 273.

THE consequence of the extreme lowness of rents was, that the landlords were poor and domineering, the tenants obliged and obsequious. It was also undoubtedly a principal inducement with the lords to retain such vast tracts of land in demesne.—*Whitaker's History of Craven*, p. 76-7.

From the Spectator.

CORRESPONDENCE AND ITINERARY OF THE
EMPEROR CHARLES V.*

THIS volume can hardly lay claim to so comprehensive a title as *Correspondence* of Charles the Fifth, inasmuch as the letters in it form but a small portion of those which exist in the archives at Vienna, and much of what it does contain has appeared in the *Archiv für Geographie Histoire, Staats und Kriegskunst*, under the superintendence of Baron Hormayr. The correspondence, however, is new to the English public, and possesses some interest to English readers, from its connexion with persons and events that occupy a conspicuous place in English history. The first section relates to the efforts of Wolsey to obtain the popedom on two occasions, after the deaths of Leo and Adrian; and Mr. Bradford, the editor, seems to think that the correspondence establishes the good faith of the emperor. But we really cannot see it. His letters and instructions contain nothing but general expressions of hopes and good-will, of a cold and guarded character, and which, had they been much stronger, could easily have been neutralized by private instructions. The second section is longer, and refers to Bourbon's desertion of Francis, his connexion with the emperor, the battle of Pavia, the capture and imprisonment of the French king, the manner in which Charles tried to make the most of him, and the final peace which he granted when Francis threatened to resign the crown. The third section consists of letters from Chapuys, the Capucius of Shakspeare's *Henry the Eighth*, who was the Emperor's ambassador at the court of London. His communications are upon the subject of Wolsey's downfall, and the efforts made on both sides touching Queen Katherine's divorce; they also contain sketches of persons, remarkable and obscure, as well as glimpses of manners and repetitions of that gossip of the day which the ambassador considered information. As far as the correspondence is concerned, this section is the most attractive. Its subject has the greatest interest for English readers; and Capucius writes in a better, closer, and more lively style than the other ambassadors; which last, again, write better than their master, who is very dry and cold. This news or gossip of 1550 about Wolsey is curious.

Eight days ago the king ordered the cardinal to be brought here; on hearing which, the said cardinal abstained from food for several days. It is said that he hoped rather to end his life in this manner than in a more ignominious and dishonorable one, of which he had some fears; and in consequence of this abstinence he has been taken ill on the road, and is

* Correspondence of the Emperor Charles V. and his Ambassadors at the Courts of England and France, from the Original Letters in the Imperial Family Archives at Vienna; with a connecting Narrative and Biographical Notices of the Emperor and some of the most distinguished Officers of his Army and Household; together with the Emperor's Itinerary from 1519-1551. Edited by William Bradford, M. A., formerly Chaplain to the British Embassy at Vienna. Published by Bentley.

not yet arrived. They say, also, that a lodging is prepared for him in the Tower, in the same part that the Duke of Buckingham occupied; many reasons are assigned for his arrest, but they are all mere conjectures.

A gentleman told me, that, a short time ago, the king was complaining to his council of something that had not been according to his wish, and exclaimed, in great wrath, that the cardinal was a very different man from any of *them*, for conducting all things properly; and, having repeated the same twice over, he left them in displeasure. Since this the duke, *the lady*, [Anne Boleyn,] and the father, have never ceased plotting against the said cardinal, and the lady especially, who has wept and lamented over her lost time and honor, and threatened the king that she would go away. They say the king has had enough to do to quiet her; and even though he entreated her most affectionately, and with tears in his eyes, not to leave him, nothing would satisfy her but the arrest of the cardinal. The pretext given out was, that he had written to Rome to be reinstated in his possessions, and to France for support and credit; that he was beginning to resume his former splendid habits of living; and that he was trying to corrupt the people. Now, however, they have got the physician of the said cardinal into their hands, and have discovered what they looked for.

The said physician, ever since the second day of his coming here, has been, and still is, treated as a prince in the house of the Duke of Norfolk; which clearly shows that he has been singing to the right tune.

Johan Jocquin would not say a word about it to the Pope's Nuncio, who interrogated him very closely; but he told the Venetian ambassador, that by the doctor's own confession the cardinal had solicited the Pope to excommunicate the king, and to lay an interdict on the kingdom if the king did not dismiss the lady from court, and treat the queen with proper respect. By this means he hoped, it is said, to cause a rising throughout the country against the government, and in the confusion to seize upon the management of affairs again himself.

This is the end of all his greatness.

Sire, the Cardinal of York, died on St. Andrew's day, about forty miles from hence, at the place where the last King Richard was defeated and killed; they are both buried in the same church, which people already begin to call "the tyrant's sepulchre." [Rather, "the burial-place of tyrants" — *la sepulture de tyrans*.]

There are many different reports as to the cause of his death. On his arrest he for several days refused to take any nourishment, and since then it is said that he either took or was given something to hasten his end. On Monday, the captain of the guard arrived to conduct him hither; and they supped together with apparent relish. Very soon afterwards the cardinal was taken so ill that they did not think he could have outlived the night. He lingered, however, till Wednesday, and prepared for his end like a good Christian. At the time of receiving the holy sacrament, he protested that he had never undertaken anything to his sovereign's prejudice. Since his death the court has been very busy; but his benefices have not yet been disposed of, and it is said that the king will retain them some time longer for his own use.

Of these stories the abstinence is credible

enough, whether from intention or failing appetite. The story of the application to the Pope for an excommunication and an interdict is utterly improbable; Wolsey knew his master too well to venture on such a useless and deadly project. The report of poison was mere slanderous gossip; there was enough in his age, his failing health, and his misfortunes, to have caused his death.

Grief aids disease, remembered folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

There are few men whom poetry and history have treated so fully and so justly as Wolsey.

It is singular to see, in these letters of Capucius, how quickly the power of the press was acknowledged, and what implied deference was paid even in those days to public opinion. Printing had not been generally known for more than fifty or sixty years, yet both sides were making more direct use of it than some ministers make even now, and in Germany the press might be freer than at present. The ambassador thus writes to the emperor in reference to the divorce.

It is said that every possible exertion is making to prepare this subject for the said Parliament, and that a book in favor of the king is to be printed, in order to gain the common people.

Eight days ago, the Dean of the Chapel, as king's attorney in this cause, appeared officially before the Archbishop of Canterbury's chancellor, and presented him with eight documents, which he required should be put into an authentic, juridical, and probative form. These were the decisions of the universities respecting this matter of the divorce; whereof two were from Paris, one from the Theological Faculty, and one from the canonists; the others from the Universities of Toulouse, Orleans, Burgos, Bologna, Padua, and Pavia. I think it more likely that they will publish these documents rather than any book, since they cannot be so easily answered, and the people will rely on their authority with more confidence.

In case they do so, the best remedy would be, to get the attestation of those votes which were in favor of the Queen in Paris, and to publish the opinions of such Universities as decided against the king; also, to circulate any of the best books which can be found, as was done in Spain with the Bishop of Rochester's. [Fisher's.] Some people thought that the good bishop would be annoyed about it, for fear of the king's displeasure; but, seeing that it had been done without his own knowledge, he has proved perfectly indifferent. I therefore conclude, that he will not be displeased if the two books which he has written since are printed also; and I have commissioned M. May to get them done. It would be well to have several copies of them here, to be distributed as the case may require, at the opening of the said Parliament.

The correspondence of Charles the Fifth, with connecting links by the editor, occupies little more than half the volume. The remainder consists of sketches of some of the more remarkable men and women of the day; a report addressed to the Doge and Senate of Venice, on the character of Charles, the state of his court, and his principal ministers and officers, by Navagiero, the Venetian

ambassador to the emperor in the years 1544, 1545, and 1546; and the Itinerary of Charles the Fifth from 1519 to 1551, as kept by his private secretary, Vandenesse. The sketches of Charles and his contemporaries are pleasantly written, though without much acumen or depth of thought. The Itinerary is rather dry, having too much the air of the court circular, but is of great value as an historical document. The report of the Venetian ambassador, made us usual at the termination of his embassy, is a very able and curious state paper; more so, indeed, than any report of the kind we have fallen in with. To justness of observation, accuracy in facts, and correctness in particulars, Navagiero adds powers of reflection, largeness of remark, and neatness of style. The following is part of the sketch of Charles at forty-six; not greatly differing from another portrait by another Venetian ambassador, but drawn with greater discrimination and delicacy.

In his audiences, especially towards persons in official situations, he is extremely patient, and answers everything in detail; but seldom or never comes to an immediate resolution on any subject. He always refers the matter, whether it be small or great, to Monsieur de Granvelle; and after consulting with him he resolves on the course he has to take, but always slowly, for such is his nature.

Some people find fault with this, and call him irresolute and tardy; whilst others praise him for caution and discretion.

With regard to private audiences, he used to be more diligent than he now is; but even now he generally has two or three every day after dinner. These private audiences are sometimes left to his ministers; and they being few and the affairs many, no one can come to court for any matter, whether of importance or otherwise, without being detained much longer than is agreeable to them.

The emperor dines in public, almost always at the same hour, namely, twelve o'clock at noon. On first rising in the morning, which he does very late, he attends a private mass, said to be for the soul of the late empress; then, after having got over a few audiences, he proceeds to a public mass in the chapel, and immediately afterwards to dinner; so that it has become a proverb at court, "*Dalla messa alla mensa*," (from the mass to the mess.)

The emperor eats a great deal; perhaps more than is good for his health, considering his constitution and habits of exercise; and he eats a kind of food which produces gross and viscous humors, whence arise the two indispositions which torment him, namely, the gout and the asthma.

He tries to mitigate these disorders by partial fasts in the evening; but the physician says it would be better if he were to divide the nourishment of the day into two regular meals.

When his majesty is well he thinks he never can be ill, and takes very little notice of the advice of his physician; but the moment he is ill again he will do anything towards his recovery. * * *

He is consistent in keeping up the dignity of those whom he has once made great; and whenever they get into difficulties, he trusts rather to his own judgment in their case than to what is said of them by others. He is a prince who will listen to all, and is willing to place the utmost confidence in his friends, but chooses to have always

the casting-voice himself; and when once persuaded in his own mind, it is rare indeed that any argument will change his opinion. His recreations consist chiefly in following the chase; sometimes accompanied by a few attendants, and sometimes quite alone with an arquebuss in his hand. He is much pleased with a dwarf given to him by his highness the King of Poland, which dwarf is very well made and quick-witted. The emperor sometimes plays with him; and he seems to afford him infinite amusement. There is also a jester lately come from Spain, who makes his majesty laugh and causes a deal of merriment at court: his name is Perico; and, in order to please the emperor, whenever Philip his son is named, he calls him *Sor di Todo*, (Lord of All.)

After having passed in review various ministers and commanders, and sketched the military qualities of the different nations in the emperor's service, the ambassador turns to the most important part of his business, the disposition of Charles towards the several states and princes of Europe. In this he repeats the scriptural maxim—"The king's heart is inscrutable," and forestalls the remark of Dryden—"Politicians neither love nor hate."

To discover the genuine feelings of the emperor towards other crowned heads, is no easy task; for nothing in this world can be more hidden and obscure than the heart and mind of man generally, unless it be the heart and mind of an emperor, which may be deemed all but impenetrable. * * * This much may be received as a general proposition, that kings and princes neither love nor hate anybody, except as they stand affected towards their own personal advantage; which truth may be perspicuously exemplified in the emperor, who has been both a friend and a foe to every one by turns.

He was at one time an enemy to the King of England, and afterwards entered into an alliance with him. He made war unceasingly upon the King of France for twenty years, and ended by concluding a friendly treaty and by giving up Milan to him. To the Lutherans he has appeared sometimes in the light of a friend, and sometimes in that of an enemy. Of the Pope he has often said the very sharpest things, and yet after all has done as much for his advantage as even your highness. With regard to our own republic, one may fairly presume, that as long as he considers our alliance profitable he will retain it, but no longer. At the present time he is well aware that the friendship of Venice is serviceable, both for the preservation of his Italian states and for the purpose of keeping the Turks in check. He, therefore, will remain on good terms with your highness; of whom he has always spoken to me in a most affectionate and respectful manner. And, besides, the resolution of your illustrious council not to accept any of the various proposals made by the Most Christian King, has been more grateful than I can express, both to his imperial majesty and to all his friends.

The emperor has discoursed not only to myself but to others who have repeated it to me, of the great dependence he places on your highness; and when I was taking my leave of him he spoke at such length on this subject, that I began to marvel when he would stop. He told me he was extremely well satisfied with my services, inasmuch as he believed that I had done, and would do, everything

in my power to keep alive the good feeling subsisting between you; and then, turning to my secretary, he said that he hoped for no less on his part also. The emperor believes that this illustrious republic has no intention of ever turning against him; and it is quite possible he may be sincere in his wish of keeping on friendly terms with us. Yet I would not advise your highness to trust implicitly to his professions, should any occasion offer when the contrary might become advantageous to him.

All princes are naturally opposed to republics, especially those princes who have most power and most ambition.

The Correspondence and the Itinerary of the emperor have been translated from copies made, by Prince Metternich's permission, from the Imperial Family Archives at Vienna, when Mr. Bradford was Chaplain to the British Embassy; and in the case of the letters, the most important parts of the original are printed at the foot of the page. The relation or report of Navagiero is taken from amongst "the Italian MSS. formerly belonging to the Abbate Canonici of Venice, now in the possession of the Reverend Walter Sneyd, of Denton, Oxon."

From the Watchman and Reflector.

CHINESE DESCRIPTION OF THE EARTH.

ANOTHER evidence that the people of China are beginning to open their eyes upon the outside world, is in the fact that they have at last commenced studying geography. Heretofore, the millions have been made to believe that the Celestial Empire was not only the principal part of the terrestrial sphere, but that the sun and moon were the especial, if not exclusive, ministers of light and heat to their relatives of the Flowery Kingdom. The study of geography is about to extinguish some of these stars in their poetical firmament, and give them a practical realization of some of the more opaque planets that shed their borrowed light upon the earth. They have now, thanks to the facilities of travel, and the expansion of intercourse, a genuine maker of geographies, who is disposed to tell them all he knows about other countries than China.

The Missionary Herald for July contains a letter from Mr. Peet, giving a full account of a new Chinese geography, written by the lieutenant-governor of the Fuh-Chau province, and recommended by the governor-general as worthy of confidence and patronage. It was commenced four or five years ago, while the author held a subordinate station at Amoy, and published soon after his promotion to his present high office. It is written in the Chinese character, and makes ten volumes, which, says Mr. Peet, correspond, as to length, more nearly to our chapters. In the first three, the figure of the earth is noticed, the use of maps stated, and the countries of Asia, excepting China, which "is too well known to require further accounts," described. One volume is devoted to Africa, two to America, and the other four to Europe.

The author gives a particular account of the discovery of America, the general features of the continent, its inhabitants, original and European,

and of the situation, extent, mountains, rivers, &c., of the United States. Of the maps, forty-two in number, they are pronounced in the introduction as "correct outlines of those made by western men." First among them is the map of China, as that country "is the head." It is stated that "western men have also written annals in great abundance," and that "countries lying to the west and north have been described by western men." The author seems to have a good opinion of these "western men," with some of whom, particularly Mr. Abeel, the missionary, he has had frequent conversations, but he complains of the difficulties arising from language.

"It is very difficult to distinguish the names of western countries. Ten men would be likely to give as many different words for the same thing, and the same man will give at first a different word from what he does subsequently, because, in western languages, the same sound does not have two words, while in Chinese the same sound may have several tens of words. In western languages two or three letters unite in forming one sound, but the Chinese language has no such elements as these. Hence, in using the Chinese characters to express foreign words, it is not possible for more than seven or eight tenths of them to harmonize. Western men, residing in the Canton province, and using the vulgar dialect, cannot express the correct sounds of the mandarin. Western men are not able to distinguish in mandarin many words which have different tones. The languages of western nations are not the same and are not uniform. The English use fewer words in translating into Chinese than the Portuguese. Foreign names of persons and places seldom consist of single words, but often include eight or ten. This is ungrateful to the author, as well as to his readers, but he has endeavored to mark and dot these names so as to apprise the reader and prevent misapprehension."

Mr. Peet says, the work is interesting to foreigners, as showing what the Chinese think, and how they write about us; as indirectly admitting and confirming the correctness of our chronology, as well as the superiority of our histories over theirs; as exhibiting a more definite and discriminating view of the different religions of the world than has yet appeared in the Chinese language, and as furnishing a medium, through which the light and blessings of Christianity may find access to the millions of benighted China. He then proceeds to give extensive translations illustrating these points. We copy a few of them:

"THE EARTH AND ITS FROZEN OCEANS.

"We knew in respect to a northern frozen ocean, but in respect to a southern frozen ocean we had not heard. So that when western men produced maps having a frozen ocean at the extreme south, we supposed that they had made a mistake in not understanding the Chinese language, and had placed that in the south which should have been placed only in the north. But on inquiring of an American, one Abeel, he said that this doctrine was verily true, and should not be doubted.

"A large portion of the Kwang-tung (Canton) and Fuh-keen provinces, lies within the northern hwangtaou, (tropie,) and, compared with the northern provinces, the cold and heat are very different. Proceeding south, the heat increases till (as was formerly supposed, not knowing the sun's

path to be the earth's centre) you reach the south pole, where the stones, fused by the heat, pour down a golden stream!

"From Fuh-keen and Kwang-tung, men going south five or six thousand le, come to the island of Borneo, a part of which lies directly under the chih-taou, (equator,) and where the winter is like our summer. Again, going south and west to the southern extremity of Africa, hail and snow are to be seen. So proceeding west and south to Patagonia, of South America, near the southern hih-taou, (polar-circule,) there we meet with constant snow and ice. Thus, heat and cold; and, therefore, they speak of the region of the south pole as being a frozen ocean. Why should Chinamen doubt, since their vessels have not gone a great distance, and since the Fuh-keen and Kwang-tung provinces are the extremity of their country? It is a mistake to suppose the chih-taou to be the south pole. Truly we ought to hear this explanation and believe it.

"THE UNITED STATES.

"At first, the English took possession of North America, drove out the nations, and cultivated the fertile land. Emigrants from the three islands (England) settled the country. Englishmen flowed thither like water. People from France, Holland, Denmark, and Sweden, who had no estates at home, embarked in ships and removed there, daily opening the country, and preparing the rich soil for cultivation. The English appointed officers to be located at the cities and towns on the sea-coast, to levy taxes for the use of government. Trade was flourishing, and wealth was rapidly acquired.

"During Keen-lung's reign, (which commenced A. D. 1735, and closed 1795,) there was war for several years between the English and French. Every place was taxed, and the taxes continued to increase. It was an old rule, that the importer of tea alone should be taxed, but the English issued an order that the purchaser should also pay a tax on the same article. The Americans refused to do this, and, in the fortieth year of Keen-lung, (A. D. 1775,) the chief men and elders assembled and requested an audience and consultation with the governor, who refused. The taxes continued to press still more heavily, till the people were enraged, entered the ship and cast its cargo of tea overboard. They then consulted and raised a force against the English.

"GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"There was at that time a Washington, an American of another province, born in the ninth year of Yung-Ching, (A. D. 1732.) His father died when he was but ten years old. He was then trained up by his mother. When small, he had great views both in regard to civil and military affairs, and excelled in strength and courage. Washington held a commission in the war of the English against the French, led out his troops against the native plunderers at the south, and successfully subdued them. But the English general did not report his worthy deeds. His countrymen, notwithstanding, wished him to be appointed to an office over them, but sickness compelled him to retire within doors, so that he did not go out.

"At the time when all the people rebelled against the English, they pressed Washington to become their general. He then immediately entered on his office. Without arms, ammunition, or provisions, Washington stimulated his country-

men to action by a righteous spirit. He pitched his camp near the provincial city, (Boston.) At the same time, the English general had collected his ships of war just outside of the city. Suddenly, a great wind arose and scattered them. Washington attacked and took possession of the city. Afterward, the English general collected his forces and drove Washington from his position. At this, his soldiers were greatly terrified, and wished to be disbanded; but he, with the same spirit as at first, having collected and united his army, again attacked the English with success. From that time, during eight years of bloody conflict, while his army was often reduced and weakened, Washington's spirit was undiminished, and the English army had become old. The French raised an army and crossed the sea, and joined Washington against the English. Spain and Holland with their armies admonished to peace. [?] The English, unable to oppose, concluded a treaty with Washington, by which the northern part, a cold country, was given up to them, while the southern part, a fertile region, reverted to him.

"Washington, having established the kingdom, disbanded his army, and desired to return to the business of husbandry: but all were unwilling, and urged him to become their ruler. In reply, before the assembly, Washington said: 'To obtain a kingdom for one's self, to transmit to his posterity, is selfish. In becoming the people's shepherd, such ought to be chosen to this office as have virtue.' As to Washington, he was an uncommon man. He conquered more rapidly than Shing and Kwang, and in courage he was superior to Tsaou and Lew—(men of much renown in Chinese history.) Seizing the two-edged sword of three cubits long, he opened the country ten thousand le. He then refused to receive a title, or to secure one for his posterity, preferring to establish an elective administration. Patriotism to be commended under the whole heaven! Truly, like the three dynasties! (Hea, Shang, and Chou, mostly included in the traditional history of the Chinese, previous to the age of Confucius.) In administering the government, he fostered virtuous customs, and, avoiding war, made his country superior to all other nations. I have seen his portrait. His countenance exhibits great mental power. Ah! who would not call him an uncommon man!

"PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

"The Americans are all descendants of Europeans, mostly from England, Holland, and France. Of these three kingdoms, those from England are far the most numerous, and, therefore, their language and customs are the same as those of the English. The emigrants received their land for cultivation from the aborigines, where they were willing; and where they were unwilling they removed to other places. Their merchants and mechanics are all white men. They are mild and kind in disposition, but considerate and skilful in trade. They navigate the 'four seas.' They all receive Ya soo kaou, [i. e., are all Protestants.] They are fond of making their religion a matter of conversation and of instruction. Their schools are everywhere. Their learned men are divided into three classes: ministers, physicians, and lawyers. The first class give themselves to astronomy, geography, and the doctrines of the Yasoo; the second to the healing of diseases, and the third to the administration of the laws."

This is all we have room for at present. There is in the book a recognition of all the important events in our Scripture history, and a tolerably correct presentation made to the Chinese of the different systems of religion.

From the New York Courier.

DEATH OF THE PRESIDENTS.

GEORGE WASHINGTON died at his own home—the place made illustrious by his association with it. There, where he had ever gone with such eager enjoyment of its comforts and its employments—more prized and valued than place or power—there, where pilgrims, even while he lived, had gone from all parts of the realms of civilization, that they might know and converse with the greatest and best:—there, with the voice of a united approbation constantly coming to him from the people, he met the arrow of death. It came suddenly—so suddenly, that the tidings of his decease and his sickness came simultaneously to the halls of Congress.

JOHN ADAMS came to "the end of all living" at his residence in Quincy, surrounded by the atmosphere of books and of study—to him congenial and delightful. He refreshed his aged mind by the strong thoughts of the classical past. His conversation was the richest pouring out of the results of an observation from a high and honored and useful position;—of the incidents and experiences of the stormy and strong days of the Revolution—

All of which he saw, and part of which he was.

The fourscore years and ten—beyond that verge of old age which comes "by reason of strength"—was a time of usefulness. He remembered what had gone before, and by its light illustrated, to those who were so favored as to enjoy his converse, the Present. On the most memorable day of that month, July, which has proved so fatal to presidential life, he died—realizing what day it was, and rejoicing in it. The lamp of existence went out gradually, and the nation mourned as that great light of the Revolution went out.

It was on the same day that THOMAS JEFFERSON breathed his last. To him the end of life had come with slow and observed progress. His great age withered under no weariness or wreck. He had pledged the full measure of the fame that this earth could afford. Everywhere, in different hemispheres and languages, eminent and illustrious—with the friendship and the respect of those most distinguished and worthy of distinction. Monticello was regarded as a locality to which a visit was an era in one's life. There he uttered the matured and perfected judgment—speaking as one confident that he gave no unmeaning oracle. His countrymen sorrowed that he had departed when they heard of his death, but recognized the time as a glorious termination to such a career.

The Man of the Constitution—the wise and accurate MADISON—in himself the embodiment of the complete statesman—finished his earthly career as quietly and as calmly as such a character might most fittingly desire. In the service of his country he had grown up, and had filled to the admiration of civilization the long series of public station which his country insisted he should occupy. He died in his own good state—Virginia—to which, for so many years, such intellects as that of his and JEFFERSON, and the rest of the long line of intellectual

rank, had secured, by an undoubted title, the appellation of the Ancient Dominion. He parted from life, rather than was suddenly severed from it—and the news of his death came over the nation like the gazing at the sunset of a glorious day.

It was in this great city, amidst the "pomp and circumstance" of a civic celebration of the nation's birthday, that the patriot, JAMES MONROE, breathed his last. The roar of the rejoicing cannon—the manifestation that the men of the Revolution were remembered—rang in his dying ear. He had been one of them. He had enjoyed the confidence of the Father of his Country. "I will send Mr. MONROE," said WASHINGTON to that famous Committee of the Democratic party, who called on him respecting the vacant embassy to France. The country saw, with astonishment, the death of another president on the anniversary of American Independence. Surrounded by the kindness and attention of his own kindred, his frame yielded to disease, after a struggle of many days. The city turned from its rejoicing to pour unfeigned sorrow over the last of the Presidents who had won a place in the hearts of the people, in the eventful days when colonies faded and states sprung to being.

And, who will—who can ever forget the death of brave Old Tippecanoe? He who had by valor and fidelity, by doing courageously and honestly all his duty, found such a home in the people's heart, that the herculean effort of desperate party machinery could not remove him thence. He who, in faithfulness to his principles and his friends, and candor and courtesy to his opponents, conducted a canvass of such vigor as the like never before was seen, and has not since been experienced. He who, after winning and wearing the laurels of the proudest triumph that ever a civic contest afforded, yielded to the destroyer. Even yet it is vivid in our memories, of the intensity of feeling with which the news of his illness was watched, as it came (with a laggard step, which would now be unendurable) day by day, and of the tears that fell from "eyes unused to weep," when the man that never lost a battle, left this world of uncertain happiness and most certain grief. The White House then first felt the tread of the skeleton foot, and the startled heart of the people throbbed with a fervor of sorrow till then unknown.

The brave warrior who never lost the enthusiastic confidence of the people—a confidence against the giving of which able men reasoned well, but which was fully yielded to the last—the man of determined will, and whose energy wrote strong records in his country's history, died in the midst of a peaceful home; those around him, who were spared to attend his declining years, and with their kindness making radiant life's last hour.

In the Hermitage, the President who had wielded power, so fully and freely bestowed, by a popularity, between the era of WASHINGTON and his own, without parallel—in this retreat from the cares that do so wait upon place and station, General JACKSON died. He had lingered long; he felt and acknowledged the slow and sure step of decay. His fame belongs to the country. He must have been a great man, indeed, who could so eluster the affections of the people around him.

In the Capitol itself—within the arches that had echoed back his words of surpassing wisdom and eloquence, he died—who

His sire a sage—himself a greater was.

As, from his very boyhood, he had been identified with the public service, so the halls of the public council heard his dying words. The business of the nation was hushed in silence, lest its progress should disturb the parting spirit, and the assembled representatives knew it was a reflection of the will of the people, that they should gather around his coffin, as children when a father dies.

Though health forsook him in a moment, there was time for the nation to hear the tidings that it was about to lose its highest intellect—its most valuable memory—freedom's veteran—he who never faltered in a good cause, or spared a bad one. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS seemed, though aged, to be of the class of life's busy men, and in the midst of energetic action, he died. There were none to fill his place, and it remains unfilled.

MR. POLK, when he met the fate that comes to all, was the tenant of a happy home, surrounded by all the circumstances that tend to make life a condition of good. He had achieved, at an age much younger than that of his predecessors, the highest honor his country could bestow on him. That he became President by a popular election, is an evidence, which a thousand theories are powerless to gainsay, that he was a man of ability, of talent. He had an eventful administration, the history of which in wisdom and impartiality it is not yet the time to write. Its anxieties and cares wrote their sad impress on his physical frame. His decease—so soon after the expiration of his term of office—seemed painfully sudden, and all other feelings merged into an universal and unfeigned regret. There was a consoling remembrance in this—that it was at his own home, in the state whose annals he had honored, that he went to his rest. There hearts that had known him best were ready to console the bereaved—and reflections such as these soothed and softened the last struggle.

And of the last and keenest blow that has fallen on the presidential ranks, what adequate words can be uttered? It is the commander dying in the midst of the battle—the man at the wheel shot down when the struggle is fiercest.

Everywhere the pen of power and the voice of eloquence are speaking to the full heart of the people.

The thread of destiny seems woven into a warp of mystery, by events such as that which even yet have scarcely lost their feature of wonder.

The manner of the death of President TAYLOR is known to all. The future has its own light or shadow.

One only of those who were elected to the office of President remains—and with vigorous health. Long and happy be the evening of his days. He has passed from the arena of competitors. One who has borne that highest of earth's honors may well rest satisfied. SENTINEL.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN CRAFT AND WISDOM.—Speaking of the Parliamentary Leaders in Charles I.'s time, Hobbes says, "If craft be wisdom they were wise enough: but wise, as I define it, is he that knows how to bring his business to pass (without the assistance of knavery and ignoble shifts) by the sole strength of his good contrivance. A fool may win from a better gamester by the advantage of false dice, and packing of cards."—*Behemoth*.

WASHINGTON.

MR. WHIPPLE'S oration before the Boston authorities, on the 4th of July, has been published. It is entitled "Washington and the Principles of the Revolution," which, we hope, will be sufficient to induce our readers to procure a copy of the work. The author thus introduces Washington to his readers:—

* * * History, so sad and so glorious, which chronicles the stern struggle in which our rights and liberties passed through the awful baptism of fire and blood, is eloquent with the deeds of many patriots, warriors and statesmen; but these all fall into relations to one prominent and commanding figure, towering up above the whole group in unapproachable majesty, whose exalted character, warm and bright with every public and private virtue, and vital with the essential spirit of wisdom, has burst all sectional and national bounds, and made the name of Washington the property of all mankind.

This illustrious man, at once the world's admiration and enigma, we are taught by a fine instinct to venerate, and by a wrong opinion to misjudge. The might of his character has taken strong hold upon the feelings of great masses of men, but in translating this universal sentiment into an intelligent form, the intellectual element of his wonderful nature is as much depressed as the moral element is exalted, and consequently we are apt to misunderstand both. Mediocrity has a bad trick of idealizing itself in eulogizing him, and drags him down to its own low level while assuming to lift him to the skies. How many times have we been told that he was not a man of genius, but a person of "excellent common sense," of "admirable judgment," of "rare virtues;" and by a constant repetition of this odious cant we have nearly succeeded in divorcing comprehension from his sense, insight from his judgment, force from his virtues, and life from the man. Accordingly, in the panegyric of cold spirits, Washington disappears in a cloud of commonplaces; in the rhodomontade of boiling patriots he expires in the agonies of rant. Now the sooner this bundle of mediocre talents and moral qualities, which its contrivers have the audacity to call George Washington, is hissed out of existence, the better it will be for the cause of talent and the cause of morals; contempt of that is the beginning of wisdom. * * *

Indeed, if by the genius of action, you mean will enlightened by intelligence, and intelligence energized by will—if force and insight be its characteristics, and influence its test—and, especially, if great effects suppose a cause proportionably great, that is, a vital, causative mind—then is Washington most assuredly a man of genius, and one whom no other American has equalled in the power of working morally and mentally on other minds. His genius, it is true, was of a peculiar kind, the genius of character, of thought, and the objects of thought solidified and concentrated into active faculty. He belongs to that rare class of men—rare as Homers and Miltons, rare as Platos and Newtons—who have impressed their characters upon nations without pampering national vices. Such men have natures broad enough to include all the facts of a people's practical life, and deep enough to discern the spiritual laws which underlie, animate, and govern those facts. Washington, in short, had that greatness of character which is the

highest expression and last result of greatness of mind, for there is no method of building up character except through mind. Indeed, character like his is not *built* up, stone upon stone, precept upon precept, but *grows* up, through an actual contact of thought with things—the assimilative mind transmuting the impalpable but potent spirit of public sentiment, and the life of visible facts, and the power of spiritual laws, into individual life and power, so that their mighty energies put on personality, as it were, and act through one centralizing human will. This process may not, if you please, make the great philosopher, or the great poet, but it does make the great *man*—the man in whom thought and judgment seem identical with volition—the man whose vital expression is not in words but deeds—the man whose sublime ideas issue necessarily in sublime acts, not in sublime art. It was because Washington's character was thus composed of the inmost substance and power of facts and principles, that men instinctively felt the perfect reality of his comprehensive manhood. This reality enforced universal respect, married strength to repose, and threw into his face that commanding majesty, which made men of the speculative audacity of Jefferson, and the lucid genius of Hamilton, recognize, with unwonted meekness, his awful superiority.

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Albany Evening Journal*, who has been travelling about the St. Lawrence, in a letter dated Clayton, July 9th, gives this description of Bill Johnston, and the Thousand Isles:

A few days since I reached this quiet village, formerly called French Creek, which is built on the bare strata of primitive rock, outcropping along the bank of the river. It is the residence of Mr. Merrick, the great capitalist, and also of Captain Bill Johnston, the hero of the Patriot War. This last circumstance had its influence in selecting the place of rendezvous, as his knowledge of the islands and skill in sailing are invaluable to the tourist. Though multitudes have passed by the Thousand Islands, *en route* to Montreal or Quebec, it is seldom that a traveller stops to explore the wilderness of unnumbered and verdant oases crowding the current of this magnificent river. Johnston affirms that he has counted more than *fifteen hundred*, and observation makes the estimate entirely credible.

One glorious morning, M. and myself chartered the captain and his beautiful sail-boat, the "Fashion," which rides the wave like a swan, and joined by a small party, including Kate, the "Queen of the Islands," moved rapidly down the stream into the narrows. The green isles came in groups, with their varied forms and size, sending up an oratorio of wild music, and sweeping the clear tide with their pendent bows; then vanished again like visions, while a new panorama unfolded before the bewildered eye, upon the bosom of an ample bay, spreading away to the blue hills of the mainland.

Sometimes a dozen emerald cones would lift their tall pines in the shape of a crescent whose peaceful shadows invited repose, and then twice that number environed us on every side, affording, through narrow channels, glimpses of many more, floating in the haze of distance. At noon we cast anchor under the rocky cliffs of Fort Wallace,

where Johnston and his thirteen men prepared for their attack on the "Sir Robert Peel." He said they pushed off about dusk, looking, *as they were*, like so many devils; and rowed in silence to the eastern shore of Wells' Island, opposite Collins' Landing, where they intercepted the steamer, whose standard of colors he has in safe keeping. There we caught fine bass and took a backwoods dinner.

In the P. M., after cruising about at pleasure, we landed on Selkirk, containing two acres of excellent soil; for many years the fortress of the daring exile, Johnston. His dwelling is unique; its walls of timber are fourteen inches thick; the roof projects several feet on each side, and it is shaded by a large oak, in the top of which he has built a seat accessible by steps—an eyry commanding an almost boundless view of encircling waters and islands. The sun was sinking as we sailed into harbor, empowering the flood on which seem scattered countless fragments of fairy land, like homes of the blest.

The next morning, with my *compagnon voyageurs* Dr. R. and Prof. M., I requested Johnston to find the narrowest straits and the wildest scenery, landing us by evening at Alexandria Bay, 16 miles below. For several miles the views resembled those described. We stopped on a pleasant acre owned by the captain, which he told me to name, and it should be my real estate thereafter. In the centre was an abundance of wild roses, and it was called "Rose Island;" under whose oaks yourself and friends may encamp, if it should be agreeable, and take as many fish from its bays as may be disposed to exchange their crystal element for a warmer circle of activity.

Upon the border of a noble expanse, resembling a lake, our passage seemed lost among the islands lying in every possible angle across the river. While looking for a point of egress, an English steamer burst from the wilderness upon the very bow of our barge. It was a fine spectacle, and we cheered her as she marched away against the sweeping current. The professor raised his white handkerchief, but receiving no return salutation, with evident chagrin, coolly remarked "n'importe—*nothing but British!*" We turned the Fiddler's Elbow, and were among views surpassing any other in the St. Lawrence. A murmur of delight was heard, as we floated under beetling promontories, and down a long *avenue* of islands, reflected on the glassy tide, with no sound of civilization, the stillness broken only by the melody of birds. The professor sang admirably "The Mountaineer," and the echoes were repeated with fine effect, till they died away among the distant highlands. We were becalmed, and obliged to "lie up" on the desolate shore of the queen's dominions.

After tea, by torchlight, we were packed in the bottom of the Fashion, under canvass, till dawn, when a breeze bore us into port, while the enchantment of islands and purple waters brightening under the rising sun, made the hours like moments. Capt. Johnston was exceedingly attentive and pleasant. Kate is lively and interesting, and their life of adventure is generally known, although many extravagant stories are afloat. His feat of robbing the mail during the last war gave him notoriety, and the pursuit of the English that followed, awakened an enmity which was active during the Canadian Rebellion, and made him an outlaw in his ambush of islands, where he was visited by Kate, and cheered in his solitude.

THE FROZEN DEAD AT THE HOSPICE OF THE GRAND ST. BERNARD.—The scene of the greatest interest at the Hospice—a solemn, extraordinary interest, indeed—is that of the Morgue, or building where the dead bodies of lost travellers are deposited. There they are, some of them as when the breath of life departed, and the death angel, with his instruments of frost and snow, stiffened and embalmed them for ages. The floor is thick with nameless skulls, and bones, and human dust heaped in confusion. But around the walls are groups of poor sufferers in the very position in which they were found, as rigid as marble, and, in this air, by the preserving element of an eternal frost, almost as uncrumbling. There is a mother and her child, a most affecting image of suffering and love. The face of the little one remains pressed to the mother's bosom, only the back part of the skull being visible, the body enfolded in her careful arms—careful in vain, affectionate in vain, to shield her offspring from the elemental wrath of the tempest. The snow fell fast and thick, and the hurricane wound them both up in one white shroud and buried them. There is also a tall, strong man, standing alone, the face dried and black, but the white, unbroken teeth, firmly set and closed, grinning from the fleshless jaws—it is a most awful spectacle. The face seems to look at you, from the recesses of the sepulchre, as if it would tell you the story of a death-struggle in the storm. There are other groups more indistinct, but these two are never to be forgotten; and the whole of these dried and frozen remnants of humanity are a terrific demonstration of the fearfulness of this mountain pass, when the elements, let loose in fury, encounter the unhappy traveller. You look at all this through the grated window; there is just light enough to make it solemnly and distinctly visible, and to read in it a powerful record of mental and physical agony, and of maternal love in death. That little child, hiding its face in its mother's bosom, and both frozen to death!—one can never forget the group, nor the *memento mori*, nor the token of deathless love.—*Dr. Cheever's Wanderings of a Pilgrim.*

LEAGUES AND COVENANTS.—"Solemn Leagues and Covenants," says Charles I. "are the common road used in all factions and powerful perturbations of state or church; where formalities of extraordinary zeal and piety are never more studied and elaborate, than when politicians most agitate desperate designs against all that is settled or sacred in religion and laws; which by such screws are cunningly, yet forcibly, wrested by secret steps and less sensible degrees from their known rule and wonted practice, to comply with the humors of those men, who aim to subdue all to their own will and power under the disguises of holy combinations; which cords and withes will hold men's consciences no longer than force attends and twists them: for every man soon grows his own Pope, and easily absolves himself of those ties, which, not the commands of God's word, or the laws of the land, but only the subtlety and terror of a party casts upon him; either superfluous and vain, when they were sufficiently tyed before; or fraudulent and injurious, if by such after ligaments they find the imposers really aiming to dissolve or suspend their former just and necessary obligations." —*Εἰκὸν Βασιλική*, p. 106.

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